

Pretty Boy by 2lowfor0

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Billy Hargrove Has a Crush on Steve Harrington, Bottom Steve Harrington, Brotherly Steve Harrington & Dustin Henderson, Gay, Gay Billy Hargrove, Good Babysitter Steve Harrington, Harringrove, Hurt Steve Harrington, Lesbian Maxine "Max" Mayfield, M/M, Protective Billy Hargrove, Protective Eleven | Jane Hopper, Smart Dustin Henderson, Steve Harrington Has Bad Parents, Steve Harrington Needs a Hug, sorta slow burn

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2020-09-28

Updated: 2021-03-15

Packaged: 2022-04-01 13:34:44

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Underage

Chapters: 21

Words: 20,185

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Mike and Will pull Dustin away from Steve to start their campaign leaving Steve alone in the kitchen to stare out the window. The silence is interrupted by Max setting her glass cup down forcefully clearing her throat, making Steve jump a bit, "What is going on between you and my brother." She says crossing her arms, staring right into Steve like she already knows.

Steve freezes, opening his mouth and closes it before finally speaking, "I don't know what your talking about Max"

Max rolls her eyes, "i'm not an idiot, Dustin told me everything, are you guys like together?" She asks raising one of her eyebrows and

Steve blushes,

"Well no not officially."

Max groans, "Oh my god he's such an idiot, seriously? You aren't boyfriends yet?"

New title

1. Early Mornings and introductions.

Steve was well Steve, when people thought of him, they imagined chandeliers, marble floors, and fine red wine . "Harrington's fucking rich, to bad he's a god damned fag."

Those words swirled down the hall as soon as someone layed eyes on the brown eyed boy.

Once being a entitled rich kid, who was a stereo typical asshole, people used to look up to him.

And then he starting having emotions. Cared about what people said, what people thought. Now, he was steve who took care of kids, and lied way more than he should. Everyone said the king had fallen.

He lied about where he lived, he lied about his emotional state He lied about how his relationship was with his parents. What people didn't know was the better.

Nobody knew how Tommy Hagan outed him to his parents, or how they kicked him out while screaming a series of profanities about him. How Hopper had been kind enough to give him the spare storage cabin in the middle of the woods, in the area where El lived. How he parked his car in his house's driveway, but nobody ever saw him walk inside.

Nobody really cared to think much about it though. It was a Monday morning, crisp new week, only a few weeks from Halloween.

Steve grinned as he places the needle on the record player, (The only thing he took from his house when he left) and heard the crackling static before Queen starting playing. He pulls back the dusty lacey curtains he nagged from a thrift store, and looked out at the view. The fall turned the green leaves to a rusty red and brown color with a few yellow bushes here and there. Smoke swirled above the tree's coming from Hoppers cabin that was a short walk away.

Steve pulls on a Blue sweater with thin pale pink stripes, and a pair of jeans, accompanied with white socks and good ol' converse. The laces were thin and worn, he needed a new pair, but he couldn't do that until he got a few more pay checks. He worked with robin at the DVD place, since it opened, and it had been well, fun-ish. He often watched the movies that played on the small tv's on the walls, or

joked and laughed with Robin till his stomach hurt.

Steve grabbed his worn corduroy jacket, and had shut his door, starting his walk to Hoppers, the leaves crunching under his feet, as the tune of queen song is being softly hummed, as he bops his head.

"Hey hop." Steve says as the door swings open, revealing Hopper who had just placed on his hat, and straightened his badge, the shiny gleam reflecting off the fluorescent porch light.

"Hey kid, Hopper says looking Steve in the eye, before turning towards inside, "Jane! Steve's here!"

"coming!" The pad of footsteps down the hall echoed, before the brown bushy haired girl stepped out of the doorframe with a smile, "Hey Steve."

Steve couldn't help that warm feeling that El brought to him, they had grown closer since She started getting rides from him to school. She had comforted him when Steve layed on his bed, not familiar to being alone in the middle of the woods. He didn't think becoming friends with a bunch of teenagers would help him, but he was wrong. "well, You two best be going, I didn't have time to whip up breakfast, so hears a few bucks to go get some breakfast sandwiches from the cafe. Maybe a coffee too son. You look like you need it."

Steve puts the wrinkled money in his wallet, "Yeah, sleep schedules been messed up and all, I'm sure it'll get better though." He says brushing off the issue.

"Well, see ya around."

He says and eleven hugs her dad before starting down the trail to Steve's car.

Steve turns to leave too, but is stopped when a firm hand is placed on his shoulder, "If you ever need anything Harrington, let me know, if its money, or just a good talk. You've done so much for el and the kids."

Hopper was being kind, and sincere just a little bit awkward, Steve wasn't quite used to it, but it mean alot in a way.

The brunette nods, "I will."

"And then Max said, we could all go as ghosts, isn't that cool?" Steve breaks his train of thoughts, as he unlocks the car door, and looks at El, "Sounds bitchin'." He replies, not quite knowing what she was talking about but figured it had to do with Halloween costumes.

The ride to the cafe was quiet except for el murmuring the lyrics of a few songs,

"Get whatever your you want Kiddo." Steve says leaning against the cafe counter, looking at the menu.

El hums in response , "Max!" She exclaims, and Steve turns around seeing the familiar redhead, "Hey stevie!" Max says brushing some of her wild untamed red hair out of his face, "hey Mad max." Steve grins, and hands some money to El.

"I told Billy I'd get him something, but I regret saying that he's being such a dick." Steve glances behind him, and sees Billy in the car smoking, "I mean, I'm not surprised no offense." Steve mutters, and max laughs, touching the scar that rested above his eyebrow, "don't be. I mean after all he gave you that."

Max drops her hand back by her side, "yeah, I had been covering it with makeup until Dustin kept giving me a lecture, about, battle scars, "and to not be ashamed." Steve retorts rolling his eyes . "He's right you know. You look badass." El adds on, grabbing her white paper bag that had two muffins, one blueberry, one chocolate.

The two girls said their goodbyes, and they both left the cafe, Billys eyes following Steve as he walks back to his car.

School was well, boring. Steve can't wait for the day to end.

2. mama steve

Summary for the Chapter:

Dustin has his lunch all neatly packed in his superman lunch box, Ham and cheese on bread, baby grapes, carrots, and fruit snacks. His mother left a handwritten note on the top, and Steve feels a small twinge of jealousy. Steve never had his lunch packed by his mom, he was lucky enough if their fridge had anything other than wine and stale bread their parents had brought home every once and a while from their travels.

Steve was smart, maybe he had trouble reading, and his grades weren't the best. But he was smart, as in street-smart. That didn't stop him from hating school, and anything that came with it. Like report cards, or homework, and essays.

The brunette chews on the end of his pen, looking out the window while the teacher drones on about something Steve doesn't understand. His phone buzzes in his pocket, and he slides it out of his pocket, putting it on his thigh, and glances back at the teacher to make sure she wasn't watching.

Meet me and Dustin outside the middle school building at lunch, were discussing party member stuff. - Max

Steve bites the inside of his cheek and responds back with a simple, "k" Before sliding his phone back and running a hand through his nicely done hair, a few of the stray pieces falling into his face.

As soon as the bell rung, Steve was quick to leave the room slinging his backpack onto one of his shoulders.

He walks across the loud cafeteria, but stops in his steps when someone sticks their leg out to trip him, he looks up to see the culprit, Tommy. He scoffs, "Nice try asshole, you know, I really hate

watching my feet everywhere I go, I mean really? Trying to trip me? How original, if you wanted my face bruised, just ask your amigo Hargrove over there." He spits out glancing at Billy who had a green apple in his hand, his knuckles going white, and Steve met Billy's blue eyes, which were trained on him, his jawline set and sharp, he probably hit a nerve, because Billy looked pissed. Steve shrugs it off , and looks away.

Tommy's face was red and burning, and Carol was snarling like some sort of dog. Steve turns and finishes his walks outside , the crisp fall air hitting his face, "Dingus! Over here!"

Steve turns around to see the familiar curly haired dustin, who had a goofy smile plastered on his face, "I'm comin' i'm coming." He mutters, and walks across the parking lot kicking bits of gravel under his shoe.

Max is sitting on a abandoned picnic table that looked like it could snap any second, and she was eating a peanutbutter and jelly sandwich, with a handful of greasy potato chips sitting on a napkin. Dustin has his lunch all neatly packed in his superman lunch box, Ham and cheese on bread, baby grapes, carrots, and fruit snacks. His mother left a handwritten note on the top, and Steve feels a small twinge of jealousy. Steve never had his lunch packed by his mom, he was lucky enough if their fridge had anything other than wine and stale bread their parents had brought home every once and a while from their travels.

"Hey Stevie." Max says eating some chips, while Steve sits beside Dustin plucking a grape from the tubberware containers.

"Hey Max." Steve greets, setting his bag down on the ground, and Dustin speaks up too.

"Alright, well, this is all of us that didn't have to do homework in the mathroom during lunch, so your stuck with just us too."

"Okay, so what's this top secret party information?"

"Well, Steve, were going to talk about operation Halloween."

The older boy raises an eyebrow, "Uhm, no offense Dust, but what is that?"

"Its our plan to sneak Max out for trick or treating, plus make costumes, and make sure we all get the best out of the best candy."

Dustin states proudly, taking out a notebook with stickers covering the front, "Lucas's little sister got hold of it, thought it could use some color." Max says laughing, and Steve flips through the notebook, each page being written in either sloppy, or neat, or cursive handwriting. "Let me guess , you guys have a christmas plan too?" Steve jokes, but Dustin sits up, "Oh yeah! Wanna see?"

Max rolls her eyes, and eats a handful of chips, "he was being sarcastic."

Dustin huffs, "How was I supposed to know?"

Steve traces numbers marked in ink, "Wait, why are we making costumes at my cabin on Friday?" "Because your cabin is so cool, I mean it's not cool that you got kicked out, but still, and our parents won't be there to bug us."

"Fine, but if you guys make a mess you bet your ass is cleaning it up."

The curly haired boy rolls his eyes, "Yeah , yeah mom, we will." "And don't call me that for the love of God."

Gym class used to be fun, but now it was just a waste of Steve's energy. I should've signed up for study hall. That's what repeated in his mind the whole time he stretched. Today was a Monday, which meant Dodge ball. Which was okay, minus getting hit full force by Billy who was so fucking competitive, in everything he does.

The blonde had no shirt on, (Not a surprise) and sweat already glistened on his tan abs. His tongue kept flicking over his teeth everytime he threw a ball, and Steve hoped that he could be on the same team as him so he wouldn't get hit, but he was sure even if that happened Billy still would find a chance to hit Steve in the head with a ball.

3. Gym class

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve pours some soap into his hands, and keeps his eye sight on the dirty floor,

"Didn't expect you to get me out Harrington."

Steve bites his tongue, "Didn't expect you to not understand the rules of the game."

Suddenly a rough hand was placed on the back of his neck, making Steve look at Billy, "I was trying to say good job, watch that pretty lil mouth."

Steve's face burns red, and he contemplates if he has the nerves to roll his eyes.

It was just Steve's luck that he had to be on the opposite side of Billy. Foam balls that had been ripped and torn, and repaired with cheap ducktape were lined up on the center court line, everyone's eyes trained on them so as soon as the coach blew the whistle they would all rush to get one, the madness starting.

Steve had stayed back by the wall, and as soon as the coach blew the whistle, the ear deafening sound rung throughout the gym, and kids ran to grab a ball, but Steve knew doing that was absolutley stupid. Then, loud music, ac/dc's rock music came blasting from the coach's boombox, and the whole thing seemed more intense.

See, you had to wait till a ball came to you, if you went to grab one, you would have end up getting hit. Billy was throwing balls like a machine not caring if they smacked someone's glasses off their face, or broke them.

"eat this Harrington!" Tommy calls out, a weird smirk sporting his face as a ball comes whirling at steve, who's reflexes just made him jump up, doing the straddle split, the ball hitting the person behind them, with a loud smack.

The brunette laughs, "Nice try." he grabs a ball that landed at his feet and grabbed it in a swift moment, flinging it with his wrist, and hitting Tommy in the shoulder proudly.

Eventually most of the people got hit out, and it was just Billy and Steve, King vs once king.

All of the girls were squealing and chanting Billy's name, and Billy grabbed a ball, his tongue flicking across his teeth, blue eyes wild and burning holes through Steve.

"ready to lose King Steve?" His taunts, using the stupid nickname, that Steve cringes at everytime its used against him. "You wish."

Billy scoffs, and throws a ball, while Steve doges it , the ball ricocheting of the wall behind him.

Steve turns his head to stare at Billy, "Oh, nice try. Almost got me." He says faking hurt, and he laughs grabbing a dodge ball that had been repaired with duck tape.

Steve misses, and Billy laughs in pride, and Steve wishes that the laugh didn't send a shiver down his spine.

Steve does something dumb, and he tries to remind himself that its just a dodge ball game, so he grabs a ball, and steps forward, and throws the ball, with whatever feelings and anger he's eevr felt towards the blonde.

It hits Billy's bare back, and steve stops in his place, the annoying cheering stops, (but steve's scared of th quiet at this very moment) and Steve stomach tightens, as he watches Billy turn around, his blue eyes burning, with what looks like anger, and his teeth are gritted together, and his knuckles are white and in fists.

The bell rings, and Steve's quite terrified to move, scared he might get his face pounded in, "hit the showers harrington. chop chop, you've been standin there for a few minutes."

Steve glances at his coach he is pointing his clipboard towards the showers, Steve nods, "Yes coach." He mutters, and goes into the lockerroom, which had boys leaving it. How long had he been standing?

He shakes it off, and walks inside the room, and he opens his locker, and strips wrapping a towel around his waist. He steps into the showers cautiously, the only person their showering, was Hargrove.

"Ya gonna come shower pretty boy? I don't bite." He gives a laugh,

before turning to look at Steve, his voice turning solid, "Sometimes." Steve's brown eye's widen a bit, as a shiver falls down his spine, and he steps under a shower, turning the water knob to hot.

Steve pours some soap into his hands, and keeps his eye sight on the dirty floor,

"Didn't expect you to get me out Harrington."

Steve bites his tongue, "Didn't expect you to not understand the rules of the game."

Suddenly a rough hand was placed on the back of his neck, making Steve look at Billy, "I was trying to say good job, watch that pretty lil mouth."

Steve's face burns red, and he contemplates if he has the nerves to roll his eyes.

He rolls his eyes, and the grip on his neck tightens, "Did you not just hear what I said, watch it." Billy spits out, and Steve just moves out of Billy's grip, letting the water hit his face, heat running down his neck and face.

"Hurry it up. I copy off your paper in history, can't get good grades if you aren't sitting infront of me." The blue eye'd boy said shutting off his water.

4. End of the day

Steve shut off his shower, after standing under the water for some time. He contemplated if he wanted to go to English or not, I mean if he skipped, he could go do something fun, and he wouldn't be bothered by Billy. But they had a test on colonies. But he could make up for it- but maybe he should skip.

Steve dried off his hair and put the perfect amount of product in it, before grabbing his bag. He walked by History class, and looked into the window on the door, the teacher was sitting at his desk, and there were papers on their desks, they must have gotten the test, Steve assumed, and then he met eyes with the one and only- Billy. His gaze was hard, and Steve felt slightly intimidated, and he saw the blonde nudge his head to the empty seat in front of him. Steve's seat. The one he was supposed to be in, Billy was mentioning for Steve not to skip, and Steve knew Billy just needed someone to copy off of. Steve shook his head, "No" he mouths, and then he sees Hargrove's jaw clench, and Steve holds back a small laugh, because did Billy think he was gonna just do whatever he said? No way.

"Do it." Billy mouths, and Steve has no clue what he's doing, his hand reaches for the doorknob handle, and he bites his tongue, wondering if this is a good idea, all he had to do, was finish the test, then, let Billy copy off him, and then life would move on. Simple.

So Steve walked inside, some people gazing up from their test at him, "Nice of you to join us Steven, your test is on your desk. Don't be late next time." He scolds, and Steve nods, "Sorry." He mutters with an unnoticeable eye roll, and walks to his desk, feeling Billy's gaze on him. He slides into the wooden seat, and takes out a pencil, staring at the paper.

"Hurry up." Billy's whisper was quiet, and Steve knew he was the only one who heard it.

Steve's curly cursive handwriting was at the top of his page "Steve Harrington" being the first words he wrote.

He does the first few questions easily, and bites on the end of his pencil, for some reason waiting for Billy to catch up.

A whispered, "Keep going." was all that motivated Steve to finish the boring test.

He turns in his paper in the plastic basket on the teacher's desk, and feels some worry leave his shoulders. Outside of the window he could see Max and El and Dustin and Mike and Will taking turns on the Redhead's skateboard in the parking lot.

His brown eyes gaze back around the room, some smacking their gum, some doing nothing but texting, and some still taking the test. Then, Billy gets up, and turns in his paper, with his stupid signature smirk that Steve loved/hated.

The second the bell rings, Steve gets up, collecting his books and tucking them under his arm, "Steve wait up!" Nancy calls out, and Steve doesn't wait up. But he knows Nancy will lecture him about whatever thing he needs to change, so he keeps walking until he reaches his rusty green locker, spinning the lock dial, and shoving his books in.

Steve runs a hand through his hair, and spins walking out of the doors. He sees El waiting by Steve's car, and Steve smiles, "Sorry I took so long kiddo."

"It's fine Steven."

She says with a smile, and Steve unlocks the door, "I got a shift at Family Video, is it cool if you just hang around with Robin rewinding tapes?" He asks rubbing his neck, he totally had forgot about his shift.

"Sure! Robin's a good friend."

Steve nods, looking across the parking lot, before sliding into the driver's seat, and starting the car, and he backs out of the parking lot, letting El choose whatever music she wanted.

"Hey Dingus." Robin says leaning against the counter, and popping her bubblegum at Steve, he rolls his eyes, and smiles, "Hey Rob."

"Hey, El's hanging out with us, I was supposed to bring her home, but I forgot I had a shift, if that's cool with you?" Steve asks putting on his nametag, "Becoming quite the mother figure I see?" she teases.

"Very funny."

El watches rewinds of chick flicks in the backroom with Rob, and Steve taps his finger on the counter listening to the shitty music that was playing over the speakers.

Steve spends his time putting away returned tapes and movies, and pretending to dance with the cardboard cut out of Darth Vader.

Halfway in his shift, he sees Nancy walk in, and Steve straightens up, rolling his eyes. "What are you doing here Nance?"

She looks around the store, "Just figured I'd stop by, since it was your shift. Any new movies?"

Steve points to a poster, "Star Wars, The Jedi returns, Ghost, and Batman. I heard ghost was really romantic-kissing and everything, I bet it would be just perfect for you and Jonathon to watch- He says casually, and Nancy takes it off the shelf, "Good Idea. Me and Jonathon will watch this together tonight while we study, oh, and how was the history test?"

Steve pulls on a fake smile, "Spectacular." He watches Nancy leave, her curled hair bouncing as she walked. Dating Nancy was dumb anyways, Steve wasn't sure why he tried in the first place.

"Got any good Horror Movies?" Steve looks up at the familiar redhead, Max, who was smiling, "I dunno, are we talking rated R, that's for adults, sorry."

"Yeah yeah, rated R, PG-13 makes no difference, is Poltergeist rented out?"

"Let me check."

Steve traces his fingers over a rack of movies before grabbing it and handing it to the girl, "Getting into the Halloween spirit then?" He asks, and Max laughs, "Something like that. Besides Billy gets upset when I watch girly movies because they annoy him so much."

Steve bites his tongue, "So did he give you a ride over here?"

Max nods, sliding a gift card across the counter, it was expired, but Steve let it slide.

"Yeah- he's waiting, I had a time limit, five minutes. I better go, see ya this Friday?" She asks putting the spare change into the pockets of her jeans shorts,

"Sure."

5. Chapter five

Summary for the Chapter:

Flashback

"You know that's not how you pronounce that- its Des moines, not Bes moines."

Steve looked up from the drawing he was carving into the desk. He was stuck in detention, and so was billy, "What?"

Billy rolls his eyes, "In english, you pronounced Iowa's capitol Bes Moines, but its des moines. You read your letters backwards."

Steve shakes his head, "No I don't. I can read."

Billy clicks his tongue , "Never said you didn't, but your not reading right."

Steve's face burned red, "I-

"Time's up boys, your free to go."

After dropping El off, Steve had the rest of the day to bask in his thoughts. Opening the mini fridge, and grabbing a container with turkey, and cheese. He grabs two pieces of Stale bread and puts the meat and cheese on them, and puts it together. He tosses the sandwich on a plate, and sits on his bed, grabbing his bag, and dumping out the contents of his homework.

Billy Hargrove sits in his car infront of family video, watching Steve carry a conversation with Max, laughing and talking. his cigarette dangling in his mouth, as grips the steering wheel, finally seeing Steve ring Max's movie up. He finally see's his sister walk out of the store, the bell attatched to the door ringing, and her red hair bouncing on her shoulders. She opens the door and gets in, a smile still on here face.

"What took you so long?" He asks pulling out of the parking lot, tossing the cigarette out the window, looking in the rearview

window, licking his lips, and Max looks out the window, "I was just talking to Steve."

Billy hums in response, "is Steve your friend now? Does he run around with all of your dumb friends of yours?"

Max grits her teeth, "don't call them that." She spits out, and Billy scoffs, pressing down on the gas pedal, "Why not? its true, so does he? run around with you guys cause he aint got friends of his own huh?"

Max tugs her thumbs in her jean loops, annoyed, "He has friends. And why do you care either? You know he's not a pedophile, of course you had to figure that out by beating the shit out of him and smashing a plate on his head, but who remembers that? Does he remember, I think he had a slight concussion after, so Steve probably doesn't remember, oh wait yes he does, it was our conversation topic last week." She spits out, and Billy grips the steering wheel tighter, his knuckles whitening,

"God your such a fucking brat, and I get in trouble for taking you places, and picking you up, and this is how you repay me, mouthing off cause I asked a simple damn question?" He asks pissed off, he can't control his anger issues. He glances at Max who was looking out the window, pretending not to care.

He watches Neil and Max's mom's car pull out of the driveway, just as they pull in. Giving Billy a sense of relief. "Make some mac and cheese, or spaghetti's for dinner or something." He says and shuts his car door, walking inside, to the retreat of his room.

Billy takes out his old report card from last quarter.

Math- B+

English- A-

Art- A+

Economics- B+

Gym-A+

Agriculture- A

History, D+

In History last quarter he sat in the back, with no one to copy off of, but this quarter he had Steve. Steve was smart, well except for

english. Steve sucked at reading. Literally.

Billy throws it in the trash, and looks in the mirror, flicking his earring, watching it dangle, before flicking his tongue over his teeth, and smiling.

Of Course he had Steve, Talkactive, motherly, pretty boy, bratty Steve, who apparently lived in the Mansion at the end of Loch Nora. He hears a the microwave ding, and he assumes max heated up Macroni and cheese, the flick of a t.v turns on, and Max starts watching Poltergeist.

Billy thought that it was a bit odd, why steve hung out with a group of teens, taking them places, hanging out with them. But he also knew he was friends with that wheeler girl, and that Byers kid nancy left Steve for. Who would leave Steve? Only an idiot.

But , Billy didn't have room to speak, he was friends/not really with dumbass Tommy H, and Carol, his rat of a girlfriend. They always dragged him to some party, where the alcohol was shit, and the music sucked, but anything to keep the title.

"Billy! I'm riding my bike to the store!" Max says opening his door, "Seriously Maxine? what for? You couldn't have told me you needed something when we were in town?"

Max's face turns red, "Its a girl thing asshole." She replies, and slams the door shut.

Girl thing? ohhhh. Billy shook his head, and layed on his bed, staring at the cracked ceiling.

After Steves homework, he stood up throwing on his jacket, and started taking a walk, he needed to clear his mind, and in his mind was well Billy.

-Flashback-

"You know that's not how you pronounce that- its Des moines, not Bes moines."

Steve looked up from the drawing he was carving into the desk. He was stuck in detention, and so was billy, "What?"

Billy rolls his eyes, "In english, you pronounced Iowa's capitol Bes Moines, but its des moines. You read your letters backwards."

Steve shakes his head, "No I don't. I can read."

Billy clicks his tongue , "Never said you didn't, but your not reading right."

Steve's face burned red, "I-

"Time's up boys, your free to go."

Billy steals a glance at steve one last time before leaving the classroom.

-flashback over-

Turns out Billy was right, Steve had dyslexia. He had a tutor for it, and he was starting to get better until the school fired the tutor for committing tax fraud leaving Steve clueless about his reading skills again.

Steve shakes his head at the memory, and keeps walking the air getting brisk, and the wind picking up.

6. Chapter six

Billy watched Max walk inside, a plastic General store bag in one of her hands. she pushes the strands of her hair out of her face, and reaches into the bag, "I bought you a package of twinkies, and a box of cigarettes."

She hands it to him, like a peace offering.

Billy stares at Max, "What for?"

Max shrugs, "You got me a movie. I got you this."

The blond nods, not complaining, feeling a little bit, optimistic, happy even. Maybe a bit appreciative of Max. "Well thanks I guess." his words are awkward, but Max knows Billy's trying to be decent. He takes it from Max, and turns to his room. "And Uh sorry for uh yelling earlier." Max adds on, and Billy grabs the door knob, "Its fine Maxine . What you said was true so its really not a big deal." He says, before shutting the door, and taking the plastic packaging off the pack of cigarettes. He can faintly hear the static of Max's walkie talkie, and another voice on the line . It sounded like a girl, but He couldn't tell, he could care less too.

After a few hours, he heard the rumble of his dad's car pull into the driveway, and he stares at the ceiling, thinking maybe if he tries hard enough, his dad will dissapear, maybe he'll dissapear too.

"And you just start talking to some random guy while I use the bathroom! Guess woman can't keep to themselves can they!" His fathers voice, is loud, and he can hear Susan trying to explain herself, but Billy can only here bits and pieces like, "He's my old co-worker Neil- just a friend-." He also hears a heavy smack, and then silence. The boy locks his door, and turns on some of his less loud rock music, before rolling on his side, and closing his eyes, trying to shut it out, eventually falling asleep.

When he wakes, sun shines through his curtain, the clock on his bedside table reading, Seven o' clock. He stretches, and gets up, his neck aching, he must have slept wrong. He opens max door, "Hey, wake up!" He calls out, before slamming the door shut, and walking into the bathroom, turning on the shower as hot as it would

go. He looks in the mirror, and rubs his face with his eyes, his curls shiny, and greasy, slight bags underneath his eyes. He steps into the shower, the hot steam and water soothing his muscles.

He leans against the shower wall, and can still hear his sister Max talking into her walkie talkie loudly, she must have her ears plugged, she sounds like she has a cold. Since the rooms aren't sound proof, and their back to back. "I wish I could go Steve, but Billy's taking me to school. I'm sure Dustin will survive, and so will Lucas."

Billy leans against the wall, trying to hear the conversation better, "Right sorry for asking, I knew that, well I gotta go, Dustins gonna burn the cabin down. He can hear Steve's laugh over the staticky line. Cabin? Steve didnt live in a cabin, he lived in a house. Maybe he just refers to his house as a cabin. But that's still kinda stupid. Billy thinks, and pours his Men's body wash, 2 in 1 in his hands and soaping his curls, no longer eaves dropping on his sisters conversation.

Steve Harrington groans, "No Lucas, have you ever cooked before?, You don't put the whole damn egg in the bowl, you crack it."

Lucas, and Dustin had decided it was a good idea to come make pancakes at Steve's place before school. "How was I supposed to know, I aint no cook."

Steve rolls his eyes and cracks the egg on the side of the bowl, "Apparently."

"How did you crack it so perfectly?" Dustin asks in awe, staring at Steve, making the older boy laugh as he pours batter onto a skillet in a perfect circle, "Practice."

Steve walks into school after dropping off the kids, and opens his locker, "Hey Steve."

Jonathon was standing by his locker, with a warm smile.

Steve and Jonathon, had became friends, somehow, but Steve didn't mind, because byers was nice enough.

"Hey." He says shutting his locker, some of his books tugged under his arm.

Jonathan focuses his eyes on the side of Steve's face, and uses his

thumb to wipe flour from his jaw, "You had something on your face." he says amused, and Steve shrugs with a smile, " probably flour, dustin and lucas forced me to make Pancakes with them."

"Sounds like something that'd happen." Steve nods, "Hell yeah it does I can't catch a break around them."

Billy leans against his locker, arms crossed. Watching that Byers kid and Steve talk, how Jonathon touched Steve's face, when their was nothing on his face. He clenches his jaw, he hated Jonathon, and not just for pretending to be straight, and not for liking Steve, but because he just was annoying, and creepy too- and to add on to it, he had heard the story of Jonathon taking pictures.
It was weird.

The bell rang, and students flooded the halls, trying to get to their first classes without being late, Steve is rarely late anymore, since he never is hungover, or drunk in the morning. The teachers probably thought he was possessed by someone.

"Harrington?" The teacher calls, and Steve looks up from his half-finished homework, "Here."

"Okay class, hand me your homework." Steve played with the bottom of his polo,

"I didn't finish mine. I have three problems left."

"Detention."

Steve's head snaps up, "What why?"

"It was due today, this is the third time this week you've turned in incomplete work, so, you'll spend your time rearranging library books after school."

7. pink isn't your color

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve can feel the warmth radiating off of Billy's bare torso, his breath minty too, he always has had a package of mento's in the side of his bag.

He doesn't know what to say, because yes, Billy had told him to watch himself, but was he one to listen? No , not at all , besides what's the point of just letting Hargrove get away with whatever he wants? Steve enjoyed putting up a fight, even though most of the time he lost them.

Notes for the Chapter:

This is a bit shorter so sorry, but as always enjoy.

Billy smirked, great, Steve had detention, and Billy had detention for mouthing off to a hallway monitor, so they would be stuck together. Great news to start the day.

"Seriously?" Steve asks the teacher, who rolls his eyes, handing Steve a pink detention slip. "Oh and don't be late Mr.Harrington."

Steve shoves it in his bag, and leans back in his seat, upset. "Guess what Stevie? I got detention too." Billy whispers in his ear, sending goosebumps onto Steve's arms. Steve hated how Billy had that effect on him.

"Great, I now have a death wish." He says under his breath and looks out the window, the leaves were turning shades of oranges and reds, it was pretty, a nice distraction from boring school, and having to think about detention with Billy. He thought about hanging out with Dustin, and Max, and them, they were a good distraction. The teenagers were always so vivid, and upbeat ready for anything that had been tossed their way. Maybe if Steve hung around them enough he would get some of that energy.

Finally lunch came around, and Steve was sitting at a table accompanied by Steve and Jonathon who where chattering. "Are you gonna eat that?" Nancy points a finger at Steve's cherry flavored jello

cup, probably the only thing he was gonna eat, correction the only edible thing on his plate. Oh well. "Oh uh yeah you can have it." He pushes it to Nancy, who smiles brightly in thanks, "Thanks Steve." "I'm using the bathroom." Steve mutters, not caring to converse in Jonathon and nancy's dry conversation.

Billy sits down at his lunch table already done with this school shit, Carol painting her nails , once again the smell of the polish making Billy want to gag. Couldn't she do this in studyhall?

"Hey Carol, hand me that meatloaf." Tommy says with applesauce dripping down his mouth, and Carol scoffs in disgust reaching over and handing her boyfriend the extra meatloaf to him, knocking her putrid pink nail polish all over Billy's white button up.

"Haha oops, sorry Hargrove." Carol says giggling and screwing the cap on the polish,

"Fuck off Carol." He spits out at the girl, storming into the bathroom, annoyed, great a perfectly good shirt ruined. "Fucking bitches." He spews shoving the bathroom door open, and turning on the sink, grabbing a handful of paper towels, and wiping his shirt, the pink stain fading, but still visible. Damn.

God, wasn't this his lucky day.

He wiped it harder, but nothing had seemed to be working.

"Ooh Pink, gotta say, it isn't really your color." A voice says, almost laughing. Billy's head snaps up to see his Pretty boy washing his hands making bubbles floating in the air. His hair was perfectly in place too. (He definetly wanted to see what it looked like if he had the chance to mess it up)

"God your mouthy." Billy remarks, and shuts off the sink, taking off his shirt and heaving it in the trash carelessly, since it was completely ruined, no point in trying to clean it.

"Only for you Hargrove." he says under his breath cheekily, his cheeks reddening at the brief sight of the shirtless blonde, his gaze fixated on his reflection in the mirror, tucking a loose strand that had fallen into his face back in its rightful place.

"S'that so? Is that why your such a fucking brat Harrington hm?"

The brunette scoffs, and rolls his eyes, his go to response. "Your just a

bitch, and I have normal reactions to people to who are bitches, just be a bitch back ." Steve liked getting on Billy's nerves, it wasn't hard, no not at all, all you had to do was not back down.

In a split second, Billy is towering over Steve, pressing him against the wall. "You can't listen can you, you can't shut your pretty little mouth? Always got somethin' to say. I think I remember reminding you to watch it."

Steve can feel the warmth radiating off of Billy's bare torso, his breath minty too, he always has a package of mento's in the side of his bag. Not that Steve was paying attention to Billy and whatever he kept in his bag. He doesn't know what to say, because yes, Billy had told him to watch himself, but was he one to listen? No , not at all , besides what's the point of just letting Hargrove get away with whatever he wants? Steve enjoyed putting up a fight, even though most of the time he lost them, take last october for instance.

"Cat got your tongue Stevie?" Billy mimicks, not removing his hard gaze from Steve. Pressing himself closer to the boy beneath him.

Steve is pretty sure he could crumble any second if that was possible, but he gathers his voice, and the words are on his tongue.

"Fuck you blondie." His words are supposed to sound strong, like he practiced in his mind, but they sounded more, like he was challenging him to a game, which wasn't the point. Billy just smirks with his jaw still tight, and flicks his tongue over his teeth, as if to say game on.

The bell rings it ecoing through the bathroom walls and he slips out of Billy's grasp and out the door praying he didn't have the next class with him or he'd probably be dead meat.

Thankfully luck was on Steve's side because he had Art class, which Billy didn't take. "Today class, we will be continuing are charcoal self portraits. Usually Steve loved art, he liked the freedom of it, you couldn't really be wrong in Art . But now, he was to distracted to draw. His portrait was a spitting image of him, except he couldn't get his mouth right. "You haven't touched your paper at all Steve." The Art teacher says standing beside him. "I'm just observing it." He says before picking up a pencil, and running a hand through his hair.

But in the back of Steve's head a voice was telling him it wasn't over. Detention was still yet to come.

detention was ran by Mr. Hanson, an old man who never actually stayed in the library where they had to stack books, Which Steve now wishes wasn't the case, he was a bit scared to be alone with Hargrove, but some part of him loned for it.

Steve grabbed a stack of books and dissapeared into the rows of tall shelves. So far he was the only one there. He prayed to god that Billy skipped and wouldn't show. Ten minutes later Billy hadn't showed, and he felt a bit of relief in him as he put another book away.

The library was big, and was filled with rows and rows of tall shelves. Most of the books were dusty and made Steve rub his nose once or twice. his dad used to take him to the library. Used to take him to the math section, and telling him to find one and read it, and he'd be back to pick him up in a few hours. But Steve never listened, and found his way to the picture book section. He never liked reading. He still doesn't. Steve jumped when heard the library doors open and slam shut, and the heavy sound of Billy's boots. Maybe steve could just hide, that's a good idea, he takes a book out and peers through the slot and see's Hargrove wandering down the aisles, like a wolf searching for a lamb, some twilight shit. Steve felt his heart beat a bit faster, as he goes the opposite way Billy does, it felt like a game of tag.

"Where ya at Harrington? I'm no fool I saw your bag by the door." he calls out . Well shit. Steve thinks.

8. You ain't a ghost.

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve turns around, but trips on his untied shoelaces, falling ontop of Billy, both of them crashing onto the floor with a thump.

Steve opens his eyes, and he's so close to Billy he can see the shades of grey in Billy's blue eyes. He can practically taste the mento's billy was just sucking on.

Billy flips over so Steve was underneath him, "Sorry Stevie, I always gotta be on top if you know what I mean."

Notes for the Chapter:

Finally something actually happened between them. Sorry this is so short, but there will still be a few more chapters left! don't worry. This isn't the end.

Steve walks through the aisles of the library, still hearing Billy's boots echo.

He walks up the staircase, seeing Billy make his way closer to where Steve previously was.

Steve weaves through the shelves, until he makes it to the back of the top floor, and leans against the wall, there being an opening between two shelves.

He wondered if billy would beat him up, but it felt different, as if Billy wasn't mad at him in a way, and Steve didn't understand it either.

Billy walks down the hall, seeing some girls point at him and let out a shrill of giggles. He rolls his eyes, couldn't the girls take a hint? Apprently not.

Steve. Steve was on his mind. If Steve wanted to play hard to get, so be it. Billy liked a good game, only if he could win it.

He opens the giant library doors, the smell of ink and old dusty books rushing through him. He see's the detention teacher Mr.Hanson asleep in the teachers lounge across the room. Perfect. He drops his

bag by another bag that was resting by the door. Steve was already here, this is gonna be fun Billy says, "Where ya at Harrington? I ain't no fool, I saw your bag by the door." He calls out, and the quick shuffle of footsteps is heard. Billy smirks, Bingo. He starts going through the aisles, calling Steve's name, and at one point he see's a glimpse of Steve's blue converse , and Billy knows he's closer to the boy.

Quick paced footsteps are heard going up the stairs, and he smiles knowing the upstairs level of the library was smaller, easier for him to find Steve.

He walks upstairs too, and runs his hand along a book shelve, a layer of dust coating his finger tips. he wipes it on his denim jacket, and then, there he is. Steve is looking down at his phone, some strands of his hair falling down out of place.

"I found you." He says, and it sends a shiver down Steve's spine.

Billy stands behind Steve, so close he could smell the scent of Harrington's perfume, it smelt like apple cider, and hair gel, and cinnamon bodywash. Steve stiffens, and he can feel Billy's breathing pattern against his back, it was slow and steady, and Steve could practically feel his own heart jumping out of his chest, how was billy so calm? "Did you now?" Steve replies, and he cringes at how his voice cracks at the end of his sentence.

The blonde lets out a laugh, and places his hand on Steve's shoulder, "You seem real right now pretty boy, you ain't a ghost."

Steve turns around, but trips on his untied shoelaces, falling ontop of Billy, both of them crashing onto the floor with a thump.

Steve opens his eyes, and he's so close to Billy he can see the shades of grey in Billy's blue eyes. He can practically taste the mento's billy was just sucking on.

Billy flips over so Steve was underneath him, "Sorry Stevie, I always gotta be on top if you know what I mean."

The brunettes face burns, as Billy hovers over him.

Then, David Bowies's StarMan starts playing.

Billy laughs, "David Bowie, nice music taste." He grabs Steve's phone that had fallen onto the floor looking at the caller ID.

He stops laughing, "It's that Byers kid."

Steve grabs it from him. "It's Jonathon."

"Jonathon can wait."

"Yeah but what if its something important."

Billy rolls his eyes and tosses Steve's phone across the aisle,

"I said it can wait."

"Fuck me if I'm wrong, but aren't we supposed to be shelving books Hargrove?" Steve says, and he can see's something flash across Billy's eyes.

Billy smirks, and leans down closer, "Your wrong."

Steve smiles, and grabs Billy's jacket , he kisses Billy.

The blonde wasn't hesistant to kiss back.

Billy's kisses were hot and heavy, and they kissed like the world was ending, like it was just Steve and Billy.

9. Chapter 9

It was over as quick as it happened, and Billy had smiled at Steve with a real smile, perfect white teeth and all, before getting off of Steve with a quick "See ya round stevie", and walking back down the stairs, posture perfect, confidence in his step.

And it left Steve so fucking confused, but he lived for it too. He had just kissed Billy Hargrove, really hot, psychotic, violent, charming Billy Hargrove, and he liked it. Steve sat up, still in that daze, wondering if that was some fever dream. The brunette always secretly hoped he was gay, maybe it was just wishful thinking. But he was well some sort of queer. Unless he was just messing with Steve for kicks, so he can say, "Oh Steve Harrington is a fuckin' queer he kissed me, what a freak."

But Steve hoped that wasn't the case, because if it was he was indefinitely fucked, Crushing on a Hargrove probably was the dumbest thing he's ever done. What was gonna happen now? Steve shoves the pile of the books on a random shelf, not caring if the dusty books were on the wrong shelf, and leaves the library, walking past the snoring detention supervisor, and into the empty parking lot, the only car there being his own Beamer. a quick sigh fell from his lips, as he swung open his door, and got in, the familiar scent of his perfume that was still lingering in the air from this morning hitting him. He turned on his radio, pressing the CD button, track one of His **Queen's greatest hits** playing.

He decided he would go to the mall, he hadn't been there since he quit his job at Scoops Ahoy, and he needed a breal.

The mall smelt like Popcorn, and orange julius slushies, and hairspray, and new clothes, and nail polish.-
Steve breathed in the familiar scent, and walked into a store on his left.

He walks through the racks, and looks at the price tag of a lavender colored sweater, "that's on sale."

Steve looks up and see's Nancy standing there hair perfectly curled, "Ah cool."

Nancy looks at him, her head cocked to the side, acting like she was confused, "Steve, this is the *girl's* section."

Steve shrugs, "And? Clothing ain't got no gender."

Nancy laughs, "Your funny Steve, there's a girls section, and a boys section, there isn't an inbetween."

Nancy was so well close-minded, wasn't very fond on anything that wasn't considered normal. She was so ***painfully basic***.

"I'm going to buy it."

He pushes pass Nancy, and walks up the counter where a lady with really long hair was, and she had various necklaces on with dangly clay earrings. "Nice choice young man."

The brunette smiles, "oh uhm thankyou."

He carries the bag around, getting a vanilla cone with large amount of rainbow sprinkles at Scoops, before calling it a day, after all dustin's group of friends were coming over to his, something dustin did not mention until he got a text in the middle of *Abercrombie & Fitch*

Billy drawls his cigarette from his lips, smiling. He had kissed Steve Harrington, *pretty boy*.

Maybe he shouldn't have just walked off, he probably should have put his number in Steve's phone, but he had all the time in the world to do that.

He tosses the cigarette butt into the darkness of the Quarry parking lot, and takes the crumpled up pink sticky note from his pocket, that had the adress of some cabin in the woods were Max was, apparently one of Max's friends lived there, and Max needed picked up from there. He gets in the car as the sun sets into shades of pink, and drives down the road, his windows open, and the dust of the gravel creating a cloud of dust behind his car. He parks on the side of the dirt road, hopping the molded wooden fence, and takes the path Max had said leads to the house. The trail was well kept, no weeds crawling onto it. It must be used often. It smelt like moss, and pine tree's and Billy buttons the three top buttons of his shirt for warmth, there was no need to unbutton his shirt, Harrington wasn't around.

He see's yellow light pouring out of small glass windows, and the cabin. It's small, but kept up and clean, plants lining the porch. He steps onto the creaky porch, which groans underneath his weight and heavy boots. He knocks on the door, and can hear kids chattering, this was definetly the place alright.

The door swings open, "Hey Billy." Max draws out,

Billy looks up past Max and See's Steve standing behind Max, talking to a curly headed kid and laughing his head tilted back, "What is Steve doing here?" He asks his heart picking up, and a ball of nerves twisting in his stomach.

Max turns her head around, "Oh yeah, this is Stevie's place, he lives here." She says it casually like nothing's new, as if Billy already knew this. (*Which he did not*)

"But-" Billy starts, and watches Steve stand up, and freeze in mid-motion, looking at Billy, his brown eyes caught with blue. "Oh Max, I forgot, Billy's your ride." He stands behind Max, and Billy felt a little bit proud when Steve's face flushed red. "Oh, I forgot my phone!" Max remembers, going back inside the cabin, to grab her forgotten item. Billy watches Steve tuck his thumbs in his pockets, and not make eye contact him. "I didn't know you had your own place." Billy says leaning against the frame of the door, and Steve makes a small noise of amusent, but there's something else too, "Yeah." "I thought you lived up on Loch Nora, with all the other rich bitches." Billy digs his hand into the back of his thigh, telling himself to not be a dick. "Yeah, well uhm, no." Steve says , and Billy waits for him to finish the sentence, but it never comes. But Billy knows he can get it out of steve whenever he wants, preferably soon. "Let me see your phone." Steve looks up at him, eyebrows furrowed, "What?" Billy rolls his eyes, and grabs Steve's phone out of his back pocket. "You just touched my ass Hargrove." The blonde smirks, and types something into Steve's phone, before handing it back to him. The redhead returns with her phone, and Billy salutes to Steve with a wink, "*See ya round Stevie.*"

Steve says goodbye to the last teenager in his home, Dustin, and then

shuts the door, a sigh leaving his lips. He throws the leftover scraps from their D&D character sketches, which used all of Steve's paper, *But he didn't use it for homework anyways.*

He picks up his phone he had tossed on his bed, and opens it.

The contacts tab was open, and a new contact had been made.

He stared at the , **Blondie** that was written in along with a new number.

His phone vibrated in his hand, a notification popping up from the same number.

Blondie: *Didn't get a chance to give you my number earlier ;)*

Steve laughs, and lays down.

10. Blood trickling down.

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve was in pain, his whole entire body, his vision was blurry, and his tongue felt heavy. He was laying against the side wall of the mall, even though he was to out of it to process his location. He did remember the slurs, and punches, and the basketball team surrounding him. Billy Hargrove wasn't there though, and put a hazy smile on his face, because for once, Billy Hargrove didn't beat him up, Billy had kissed him, and gave him his number. Steve just wanted to buy a tub of pistachio ice cream at the store, but now, he was using the frozen ice cream as a ice pack for his wounds. He figured he would still eat it later.

Steve was in pain, his whole entire body, his vision was blurry, and his tongue felt heavy. He was laying against the side wall of the mall, even though he was to out of it to process his location. He did remember the slurs, and punches, and the basketball team surrounding him. Billy Hargrove wasn't there though, and put a hazy smile on his face, because for once, Billy Hargrove didn't beat him up, Billy had kissed him, and gave him his number. Steve just wanted to buy a tub of pistachio ice cream at the store, but now, he was using the frozen ice cream as a ice pack for his wounds. He figured he would still eat it later.

Flashback to moments after he left the store. (**TW Homophobia, blood, slurs, violence.**)

Steve tucked his wallet into the pocket of his blue jeans, a dopey smile on his face. He had just done his favorite thing in the world, Buying Pistachio Ice cream. He figured he'd spend the night eating icecream and texting Billy, all while watching some shitty horror movie. It sounded like the perfect night. But his wishful thoughts were long gone when he heard the voice of Tommy H.

"Hey King! You looking for an easy fuck faggot?"

Steve stopped in his steps, stomach sinking, annoyance settling into his bones. "Leave me alone Hagan."

A chuckle, and a chorus of laughter came from behind him. Shit. There was more than one person. This couldn't be good. It never was good.

Steve swivels on his heel gravel crunching beneath him, looking at Tommy, who was accompanied by the rest of the basketball team.

"Come on, what's the fun in that? You have been acting better than the rest of us since you've lost the title as king. Maybe we should show you where you really belong."

"maybe you should fuck off." Steve spits out,

The group of boys closed in on Steve, who was now backed up against a brick wall, the icy brick burning the back of his neck. Steve knew he was screwed, it was him, vs six or seven other kids. The first punch had stung Steve's nose, the metallic taste of blood brushing on his tongue. Steve had managed to kick Tommy in the crotch, earning a groan from him while he fell to his knees. It resulted in Tommy's friend throwing a kick to his side. Jared, a bigger kid with crooked teeth had yanked Steve up by his hair, making Steve's scalp burn and tingle. Steve laid slouched against the wall, blood staining his pastel colored polo. When they finally had their fun, they had fled the scene piling into Tommy's car.

End

of flashback.

Monday had come, and Steve had texted Billy over the weekend, not mentioning Tommy, or what had happened, Steve's face was no longer swollen, only a yellowing bruise on his jaw. But the rest of his torso was multiple shades of purple, and red, and yellow. Thankfully, those were quite easy to hide. So when the time came Steve threw on a baggy sweater and a pair of jeans, messing with his hair, and taking

an painkiller before deeming himself ready for school. The parking lot was fairly empty, just a few of the teachers cars parked on the other side of the lot. Billy hadn't showed yet, but it was still fairly early.

Steve made his way into the unlocked building, tucking his textbooks under his arms, and shutting his locker with a slam, letting the noise echo down the empty hall.

"Anger issues Pretty boy?"

Steve turned his head to see Billy walking down the hallway towards him, blonde curls bouncing, earring dangling, eyes blue and sharp as ever.

A smile formed on his lips, and he rolled his eyes, "Something like that." He mutters, and his face flushes red when Billy pulls him closer by yanking a handful of Steve's shirt. "Nice sweater. The color suits you." His face darkens when his eyes spot the yellowing mark on Steve's jaw. "What happened there?" He asks lightly rubbing his thumb over it, earning a small wince from the brunette.

Steve was pretty shit at lying so he had to come up with something good. "Mike and Lucas got into a fight and I tried breaking it up and got punched." It seemed pretty believable right?

Billy looked him in the eyes, before just nodding, "Brats." He mutters, and Steve nervously laughs.

"Haha erm, yeah."

The day passed easily as long as Steve snuck into the bathroom to take a painkiller every few hours. He was dreaded basketball practice. But Billy would suspect something was up if he skipped. So he dragged himself into the locker room early, and got dressed in a t-shirt that seemed to cover most of the bruises, and his normal shorts.

11. He's not worth it.

Summary for the Chapter:

"Hey Harrington! How's those bruises treating you, did I hit hard enough?" He taunts.

Billy's eyes open, and he snaps his head towards Steve. His whole entire torso was littered in bruises. Gravel burn was on his side. A cut below his rib was puffy. He tightens his fists. Knuckles white. Jaw clenched.

Steve opens his eyes. "Uh-" He stumbles out looking at Billy, but it was too late. Billy was already pounding his fists into Tommy's face. Blood splattered onto the wall.

Steve yanks on Billy's arm, "Come on Billy, leave it! He's not worth it."

Basketball was normal. Billy's body pressed flushed against his but this time he was struggling not to get a hard on. Billy had been whispering in his ear, his voice hot and sending goosebumps onto his arms and legs. Billy sported a smirk on his face, he liked having this affect on his Stevie boy. He liked being in charge. Tommy was also smirking, ramming his shoulders into Steve. Anything that earned a wince from him. He was terrible. Steve wondered why he had ever become friends with the boy before. The thought always left him confused. Maybe he did it for the fame, the popularity. Maybe just for something to look forward too each weekend, a crowd chanting his name, a party that would drown out his loneliness. Steve wished he had just stuck in the quiet crowd. Stayed in the shadows. Sat at the corner table at lunch. Where nobody would bother him. He would have never been the king. King. Steve still despises the name. He hated how he once had loved the name. How it felt like liquid gold when someone called him that. Praised him for being a major douche bag.

Tommy and his gang passed the ball around shouting words at each other. Laughing loudly. Squirting each other with their water bottles. "Hit the showers boys!" The coach called tapping his clipboard and blowing his whistle.

Steve didn't want to shower. Expose his bruising skin. He nudges Billy while walking across the gym, "I'm just gonna head out, I gotta pick up Dustin."

Billy gives him a aggravated look, "Your giving toothless a ride again?"

Steve glares at the blonde, and elbows him. "don't be a jerk. and yes again, I'm still his baby sitter."

"Right right. Well he can wait. I'm not missing a chance to shower with Stevie." He wraps an arm around Steve's shoulder and nudges him to into the locker room.

Steve watches Billy tug a towel around his waist and step under the shower head. "You coming?"

Steve nods, and makes sure Billy is focused back on washing his hair before he takes off his clothes and knots a towel around his waist. He hoped that Billy wouldn't think anything of the bruises.

He squirts shampoo into his hands and massages it into his hair.

He closes his eyes. Letting the water fall down his body. So far so good.

"Hey Harrington! How's those bruises treating you, did I hit hard enough?" He taunts.

Billy's eyes open, and he snaps his head towards Steve. His whole entire torso was littered in bruises. Gravel burn was on his side. A cut below his rib was puffy. He tightens his fists. Knuckles white. Jaw clenched.

Steve opens his eyes. "Uh-" He stumbles out looking at Billy, but it was to late. Billy was already pounding his fists into Tommy's face. Blood splattered onto the wall.

Steve yanks on Billy's arm, "Come on Billy, leave it! He's not worth it."

Billy didn't listen until Tommy was being yanked away by another teammate.

He turns to look at Steve, and yanks him out by the lockers. He tugs a shirt over Steve's head, "come on. Were leaving." Billy says, shoulders heaving, turning to put his own clothes on.

Steve obeys and throws on his clothes in record time.

Billy grabs Steve's hand and dragged him out of the locker room. He was mad, like pissed. He grabs onto Steve's hips and sits him on the hood of his Camaro.

He stands in between Steve's legs and stares at the brown eye'd boy in front of him. "He fucking jumped you, and you didn't call me?"

Steve bit his lip, "I didn't er want to make it a big deal or be a burden."

Billy looks away scoffing before he grabs Steve's face brushing his thumb over his jaw. "Hey, Hey, no, your not a burden. Steve he attacked you. you could press charges. I mean look at you. Your torso is a whole rainbow of colors. Jesus Stevie."

12. Fix me up then doctor.

Summary for the Chapter:

They pull into the hospital parking lot and Steve groans slumping back into the seat. "Do we have too?"

"Yes, now come on."

"no."

Billy looks over at Steve who was looking out the window. He leans over and places his head in the crook of Steve's neck his lips grazing over the skin of his pale neck. "Come on Stevie, be a good boy."

"At least its colorful." Steve adds on biting his lip, and tracing circles on the hood of Billy's car seemingly focused on the shiny blue paint job rather than Billy's face.

Billy watched Steve arms crossed, before reaching out his hand to bring Steve's wandering attention back to him. "Come on Pretty boy, we're going to the hospital."

Steve's face scrunches up, "What? No? Billy I'm fine."

Billy rolls his eyes and presses against the rib on his side earning a hiss of pain from Steve, "What the hell Billy?" He whines out glaring trying to look mean but he just looked like a kicked puppy.

Billy clicks his tongue, "Its obviously hurting you, its either bruised or broken. I can't believe I didn't notice in basketball. No wonder you looked so out of it."

"I don't like hospitals." Steve exclaims carefully crossing his arms. He really didn't, they smelled to much like cough syrup and bleach wipes.

The blonde scoffed, "To bad Princess. Maybe they'll give you a sticker if your a good boy." He teases smirking.

"Fuck you." Steve huffs at Billy's remark. Billy runs his hand through Steve's hair slightly yanking on it. "watch it, now let's go, Max is getting a ride from one of the rugrats."

Billy's car smelt just like Billy, mint, leather, and cologne. His seats were fine black leather, and he had a key chain dangling from the rear view mirror.

"So are you gonna tell me when this even happened?" He asks glancing over at Steve, and back on the road.

"I was buying ice cream. and then I got jumped and was out numbered. End of story."

Billy smiles, "ice cream huh?"

Steve nods, "Yeah, but I haven't ate any yet since I used it as an ice pack. It worked fairly well." Billy grins,

"Maybe I should come over later and help you eat it." Steve smiles brushing some of his hair out of his eyes.

"Maybe Blondie." They pull into the hospital parking lot and Steve groans slumping back into the seat. "Do we have too?"

"Yes, now come on."

"no."

Billy looks over at Steve who was looking out the window. He leans over and places his head in the crook of Steve's neck his lips grazing over the skin of his pale neck. "Come on Stevie, be a good boy."

Billy smirks when he can feel the heat radiating off of Steve. It was easy to get Steve to back down.

"Okay." Steve finally says his voice coming out as a whisper.

Billy presses a light kiss to Steve's neck before getting out of the car leaving a blushing Steve to do the same. They walk into the hospital. Steve sits in one of the chairs while Billy talks to the nurse working, and he looked frustrated. When the nurse finally scribbles something onto her clipboard Billy grabs Steve's hand pulling him up. "Their gonna do an X-ray."

Steve puts his hands in his pockets and follows Billy into the room. "Please step onto the scale." The nurse says watching Steve with her

arms crossed. Steve steps onto the scale biting his lip and Billy crosses his arms watching him.

"102." She states as Steve steps off and puts his shoes back on. "What do you usually eat in a day Steven?" Steve digs his thumbs into his pockets. "I don't know food?" He hated it when people called him Steven. It made him nervous. "Do you eat proper meals? With Protein and vegetables and dairy?"

Steve didn't usually didn't put much time into meals. Sometimes he just drank a cup of coffee and called it good. Sometimes he makes cheap noodles for dinner. Steve nods his head slightly. The nurse raised an eyebrow but didn't say anything else. "Were going to need you to step out of the room sir." She states turning to Billy. The blonde furrows his eyebrows. "What? why?"

"Its the rules." Billy bites his lip and looks over at Steve who was playing with the hem of his shirt. He looked nervous. He really didn't like hospitals then. "Alright." He finally says stiffly and steps onto into the hallway as the door shuts. Steve is instructed to take of his shirt and he does so laying onto the table as it goes into the machine thing and he closes his eyes. He can hear a doctor instructing him to breath steadily, and that's what he does. When they get enough photos Steve puts his shirt back on eagerly since the room was frigid and cold. Steve sits in a chair in the corner of the room wishing Billy was beside him. The doctors are whispering for some reason and it makes Steve even more anxious. What if the injury was more serious than he thought?

13. You sound like my mom.

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy rolls his eyes and gently grabs Steve's chin turning it so Steve was making eye contact with him. "Steve, I'm taking you home, and your gonna rest, and take a nice warm shower, and do your homework. I'll even be nice enough to give that toothless kid a ride home." He says sternly as if he was scolding Steve.

Steve smiles looking at Billy's bright blue eyes, "You sound like my mom."

Billy grins and places a kiss on Steve's lips. "No I'm your daddy." He teases, smirking as he see's Steve's face turn red, and leads him out of the hospital.

"He has bruised ribs, and a slight concussion, all which can be fixed if he just rests and stays home and relaxes. Here is a prescribed bottle of pills, he takes two a day with a glass of water. I'd suggest not going to school, and just sleeping, and doing things that don't require much effort." The doctor says handing the pills to Billy likes he's Steve mother.

Billy looks over at Steve who was playing with the edge of his shirt. "Alright thanks we'll do that, c'mon Stevie I'm taking you home."

Steve nods and gets up from the plastic seat standing beside Billy who looks down at him. "Your so not going to school tomorrow."

Steve huffs, "Bruised ribs aren't broken ribs Billy." He comments as Billy wraps his arm around Steve's lower waist as not too hurt him.

Billy rolls his eyes and gently grabs Steve's chin turning it so Steve was making eye contact with him. "Steve, I'm taking you home, and your gonna rest, and take a nice warm shower, and do your

homework. I'll even be nice enough to give that toothless kid a ride home." He says sternly as if he was scolding Steve.

Steve smiles looking at Billy's bright blue eyes, "You sound like my mom."

Billy grins and places a kiss on Steve's lips. "No I'm your daddy." He teases, smirking as he sees Steve's face turn red, and leads him out of the hospital.

"You're really gonna give Dustin a ride?" Steve asks surprised, looking over at Billy as he backs out of the hospital parking lot.

Billy looks over at Steve, "He has curly hair? Like no teeth? Real Nerdy?"

Steve rolls his eyes switching the music station to something that wasn't loud rock. "He has teeth growing in dumbass."

Billy snorts, "right."

The ride to Steve's was fairly quiet besides Steve's humming to a queen song that was playing, or Billy commenting on how Steve needed new glasses." Once they had pulled into the driveway of Steve's cabin Billy stepped out and opened Steve's door for him earning a thanks from the injured boy.

Steve dug his hand into his back pocket grabbing his keys and opening the door to his home. He steps in with Billy following behind.

Billy takes in the place. Flowery lace curtains. Plants resting on the window seals, records strewn across the table, a few dishes in the sink. He follows Steve down the hallway where various pictures of Steve and the Party were hung up. Steve's room was well very Steve-ish. He had purple plaid blankets on his bed, clothes strung throughout the floor. Posters of Shirtless Han Solo from Star Wars hang on Steve's wall, and a Queen poster hangs on the ceiling.

His eyes land back on Steve, "Shirtless posters of guys? Really?" He asks crossing his arms.

Steve pouts, "Aw is somebody jealous?" He teases.

Billy rolls his eyes, "Once those ribs are healed your in for a lot of trouble princess."

The brunette's cheeks flush pink, but he brushes the comment aside, "I'm terrified cowboy."

Billy ignores the bratty comment and leads Steve too his bed, "You get some rest while I go get your kid friend."

Steve crosses his arms, "fine, don't scare him though."

Billy leans down and kisses Steve's forehead. "Ill try. No promises."

Billy waits in the parking lot, he see's Dustin approach him. Steve's right, he has teeth growing in. He has wild curls that go everywhere, and this weird grin were his smile stretches to his eyes. He dresses in bright colors too. "Where's Steve at?" Dustin asks rocking on the balls of his feet, his fingers gripping into his backpack straps. Billy can tell he's intimidated and nervous.

"He's resting." Dustin squints his eye's at Billy. "Did you beat him up-because if you did I'm gonna go get the sheriff."

Billy should have seen that coming. He did beat up Steve, right in front of his group of friends. "No. Someone else did though and he has a few bruised ribs. He told me too come get you." Dustin eye's widen, "Is he okay?"

Steve's little group of friends definitely cared about him. It was cute. "Yeah, he'll be fine. You can see him after school tomorrow. I'll take you, but for now he's resting. Now where do you live?"

Dustin was a chatty kid. All he talked about was how his day was and how Max spent all of her time whispering to El. When he dropped the kid off and started driving again he turned on his music that was loud and heavy metal.

He wasn't surprised when he saw Steve wrapped in a bunch of blankets asleep, the television softly playing in the back round.

14. Chapter fourteen.

Summary for the Chapter:

In fifth period Billy gets a call from his dad. Neil found Billy's stash of weed. Billy is definitely screwed.

Billy lays next to Steve and carefully wraps his arms around him. He nuzzles his face into Steve's neck and closes his eyes.

When Billy woke up Steve was now facing him. He smiles brushing the hair out of Steve's face tucking it behind his ears.

"Hey Stevie, wake up." He says nudging him. Steve mumbles something Billy can't make out and rolls over.

"No." He finally says more clearly his morning voice raspy and tired. Billy thought it sounded hot, but now was not the time. Billy sighs, "You need to go take a shower, so you can put your healing cream on Pretty boy, then you can go back to sleep, you don't have to go to school remember?"

Steve rolls over putting his face in Billy's chest, "But you have to go back to school right?" Billy bites his lip, "Sadly, but I'll see you after, i'll even bring toothless, I mean uh Dustin."

Steve rolls his eyes smiling, "Promise?"

Billy nods biting his lip, "Swear on my car." Steve seems happy enough with this answer and sits up putting on his glasses. "Alright." He pulls Billy in for a kiss, and Billy happily obliges running his hand through Steve's hair slightly tugging on it. Steve grins pulling away. "You better leave before your late to school." "Stupid school, its such a cock block." Billy says groaning and getting up putting his boots on.

Steve laughs at this pulling the blankets around his shoulders like a cape.

Billy ties his boots and puts on his jacket. He stands in front of Steve bending down and softly grabbing Steve's jaw and kissing him. "See

you later Stevie."

Steve watches Billy leave and rolls back over falling asleep, he can always take a shower later.

Billy see's Max hanging out with that El girl, so he gets out of his car nodding at her, and walking inside. He walks down the halls, and he knows everyone is looking at him. The girls are winking, and twisting on their fried hair. Usually billy would flirt right back, but now he just rolls his eyes opening his locker.

He can see Tommy down the hall, his face black and blue. He smirks to himself, the little fucker deserved it. He slams his locker shut and walks into his class.

Class is boring because Steve isn't there. Usually he can stare at Steve, and whisper things into his ear to watch him squirm and turn red but now it was simply boring.

He leans back in his chair listening to the teacher drone on.

When Steve wakes up he groans in pain dropping the blanket on the floor and going into the bathroom stripping down and dropping his clothes onto the floor. He turns the shower to hot watching the mirror steam up. He steps into the shower his shoulders relaxing as the water runs down his body. It felt so nice. He leans against the tile wall sighing. He missed seeing Dustin, and Max, and them all, they made him feel safe and happy. But so did Billy. Even though Billy sometimes terrified him, and intimidated him. But Steve couldn't lie, he was weirdly into that. Though, he would never bring himself to admit it.

Once Steve's shower is over he gets out of the shower. Once the hot water dried off his skin he was in pain once more, and he had a really bad headache.

Steve reaches for the bruise cream on his bedside table and unscrews the lid applying the cold substance to his torso and injuries. He lazily puts on a few bandages and throws on a pair of old shorts and an

over sized sweatshirt that he has had for years. His body is shaking, and he rubs his face. He goes into the kitchen taking out a bottle of painkillers and taking four, even though it was probably too many. He lays on the couch pulling a blanket over himself, letting sleep take over his body.

In fifth period Billy gets a call from his dad. Neil found Billy's stash of weed. Billy is definitely screwed.

15. Chapter 15

Billy presses an ice bag to his cheek. His dad had been pissed. Hit him. He needed to relieve some stress. Go out and get drunk, party with his idiot "friends." Billy throws the ice pack onto the floor angrily and walks out of the house ignoring Neil who was passed out on the couch. He lights a cigarette and gets into his car speeding down the gravel road. He had completely forgot about Steve, and what he promised him.

Steve wakes up around four. Billy isn't there, nor is Dustin. Steve lets himself think that Billy's late, or got a thirty minute after school detention. So Steve waits. He watches T.V. He sleeps some more. Makes himself a sandwich. Takes more painkillers. His phone buzzes, and Steve is quick to grab it, hoping its Billy. But its some kid from school. He had sent him a picture of Billy drunk leaning against the keg stand with girls surrounding him. He was in his usual leather jacket, with no shirt, sweat and beer dripping down his abs. Normally Steve would be turned on, but this made him pissed.

The text was captioned with, *"Hey Harrington, your missing out on all the fun, Hargrove beat your keg stand record, again."*

Steve threw his phone across the room and heard it thump against the carpet. How could he be so stupid? To think Billy would actually keep his promise? And visit him to make sure he was okay, and that he was gonna bring Dustin. Billy Hargrove didn't care about him. He leans against the counter.

And then he felt pain, it was bad, it ruptured throughout his body and he grips onto the counter, his breathing is heavy and he panics, he grimaces, it feels like he's being hit all over again. "W-what the fuck! Ah, Mother f-fucker" Steve breathes out unsteadily, and slowly makes his way into the living room keeping his weight against the wall. He spots his phone and grabs it. He calls the first contact their is hoping who ever would pick up could help him, come over and make sure he wasn't dying or something. They don't pick up. Steve can feel himself losing energy and he groans laying onto the couch closing his eyes tightly hoping the pain from whatever the hell was wrong would subside.

Billy downs another beer some of it dripping down his neck and abs, and throws the can into the grass, licking his lips and grabbing another. Things were starting to get fuzzy, but Billy didn't care, he loved this thrill, of feeling numb. Girls were surrounding him, touching his hair and smiling at him all sickly and sweet looking for a good fuck. But Billy pushed them away and just listened to the beat of the shitty music playing. Tommy had approached him all grinning and smirking talking about how good it was for the old Billy to be back. Billy was confused, the alcohol messing him up. When did he leave? He was still the same. Wiping his mouth with the sleeve of his leather jacket, he feels his phone buzzing in his pocket. He doesn't bother to answer.

Dustin looks around. Billy was no where to be seen. Stupid Billy Hargrove. Of course he wouldn't have taken him to Steve. He grips his back pack sleeves and pushes the kick stand up on his bicycle. He was gonna get to Steve's on his own. His bike soars down the road, his feet peddling fast, its starting to get darker, but the moon is bright and porch lights are on. He turns down the gravel road. He was close to Steve's house. He knew it, this was the road.

Dustin knocks on Steve's door. No answer. He looks in the driveway, Steve's car was there. He knocks again, four times in a row. No answer.

"Hey Steve! Its me Dustin! Are you okay? Come let me inside!" He shouts, he starts to get worried when there was no answer.

He looks around and steps off of the door mat lifting it up. A key sat under it and Dustin grins, Because of course Steve would put their spare key under the door mat. Typical. He grabs it and unlocks the door stepping inside. He drops his backpack onto the floor. Most of the lights are off.

"Steve? Where are you at?" He asks looking in Steve's room and bathroom, which was empty. He see's pain killers and an icepack on the bedstand, along with a cup of tea.

He walks into the living room and See's Steve laying limply on the couch.

He rushes over to Steve shaking him, "Steve! Steve! Are you alright?" He asks.

Dustin watches Steve wake up groggily, something was definitely wrong. He checks Steve's pulse, his heartbeat was slower than normal, but it was there.

"Steve, we should get you to the hospital, you don't look so good, are you okay? Does anything hurt?" He asks frantically, and Steve blinks gripping onto the blankets,

"Fuck, D-dustin, it hurts, I don't know what's wrong with me, I thought the pain killers would wear in but it feels like i'm being ran over by a fucking truck." He says blinking again. Dustin's face was blurring and all he could make out was his incoming teeth and curly hair.

Dustin helps Steve up, "Come on Steve, I'll drive us."

Steve shakes his head frantically, "No-no way! Your fifteen, I'll Drive, I can see just fine."

16. Hospitals once again

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy blinks his head throbbing as he wakes up blinking his eyes sore and feeling like they were glued shut. Sitting up, he remembers bits and pieces. His dad yelling, and the party. He was still there, on the guy who held the party's couch, a few other people sleeping or passed out on the floor trash and empty beercans littering the floors. He had sweat and beer clinging to his skin.

Gross.

He reaches into his pocket and looks at his phone. It was only eleven o'clock pm. The party must've faded out. He looks back at the screen his eyes adjusting to the bright light.

One missed call from Stevie.

Billy's eyes widen. "fuck."

Steve Harrington was wrong, he definitely should not be driving. He was barely staying on the right side of the road. He was trying to listen to Dustin's instructions on how to get there, but Dustin was freaking out too much to make any type of sense.

"Hey hey slow down Steve I don't want to die! I knew I should've been the one to drive!" He says putting Steve's seat belt on for him. "I'm fine, Dustin, besides, the speed limit's like 55 or something." Steve says slowing down a bit as they turn down a different road with more cars. Dustin rolls his eyes looking at a bright yellow sign that had **"45 is the speed limit"**

Steve knew he shouldn't be driving. His mind wasn't in the right place. He didn't feel good, and he was dizzy. Not to mention the fact he felt like he was gonna puke everytime Billy came into his mind. He grips the steering wheel tighter and pulls into the hospital parking lot

closing his eyes.

"Steve, come on, we gotta go inside." Dustin pleads tugging at his hand.

Steve leans back into his seat tiredly, "I don't want too." He mumbles carelessly leaning his head against the cold glass of the window.

Dustin leans across from his seat wrapping himself tightly around Steve. "I know Man, but we need to, something's obviously wrong and we can't let it get worse alright? Once were done here and they figure out what's wrong we can go something fun? Get your mind off of that Billy guy, and we can bring Robin too. Just please go see a doctor, for me?"

Steve doesn't hug Dustin back, just leans into his arms squeezing his eyes shut. "Okay." He whispers turning off the car.

The hospital is quiet besides the hum of machines and people crying faintly in the waiting room. Steve wants to go home and go back to bed.

He waits in a plastic chair while Dustin talks to a nurse.

He hears footsteps coming toward him. A set of two.

"Mr.Harrington?"

Steve looks at the guys shoes, then his ironed slacks and then his dark blue buttoned up shirt and white coat before looking at the man's face. He looked thirty ish, blue eyes, some stubble, auburn colored hair. He was pretty attractive, but was definitely besides the point at the moment.

"Yeah, that's uh me." He says and mentally curses himself because, of course its him, Dustin told the man who he is.

The doctor smiles and nods, "come with me Steve, we can figure out

what's been going on, I've heard you were here the other day for a rib injury?" He says walking down the hall with Steve slowly so Steve could keep up without getting dizzy.

The doctor's room looks normal. A makeshift bed table with a white plastic sheet covering it. A desk and computer. Two chairs and a bunch of charts and posters about health and medicine on the grey walls. A tiny window was letting in a bit of light. It felt like a prison cell to Steve.

He rubbed his face and sat down in one of the chairs placing his hands in his lap.

He can hear the doctor typing on his computer before swiveling his chair around to sit in front of Steve, but Steve knows it's rude to stare at the floor while someone is talking to him, so he looks up his eyesight fuzzy.

"How are you feeling right now Steve?" He asks and Steve doesn't hesitate speaking.

"Like fucking shit, oh fuck, sorry, I didn't mean to cuss or anything, It just hurts a lot, and and I don't know what's wrong with me."

The doctor smiles placing his on Steve's shoulder, "It's quite alright, feel free to express your pain however, but you need to help me understand what hurts so I can help you bud."

Steve thinks for a moment, his hands digging into the pockets of his jeans, feeling nothing but lint and a stray penny.

"I feel dizzy, and my head feels like it could burst any moment. My eyesight is super shitty and fuzzy and my ears keep ringing, and my chest hurts, and my ribs."

The doctor turns back to the computer, "Mr. Harrington, here it says you and another boy, named Billy came in a few days ago."

Steve can feel the color draining from his face and he grabs the tiny trashcan by the desk and whatever he ate for breakfast along with a

few painkillers come back up.

The doctor reassures Steve that puking is natural, since he's sick or something's wrong or whatever. He says it isn't a big deal. But it is a big deal. Because he just fucking puked at the thought of Billy.

Okay, maybe not Billy directly, but at the thought of trusting him, and thinking they were gonna be something. It made him feel worse. Because Billy was definitely fucking some chic right now at the party. No doubt.

Billy blinks his head throbbing as he wakes up blinking his eyes sore and feeling like they were glued shut. Sitting up, he remembers bits and pieces. His dad yelling, and the party. He was still there, on the guy who held the party's couch, a few other people sleeping or passed out on the floor trash and empty beercans littering the floors. He had sweat and beer clinging to his skin.

Gross.

He reaches into his pocket and looks at his phone. It was only eleven o'clock pm. The party must've faded out. He looks back at the screen his eyes adjusting to the bright light.

One missed call from Stevie.

Billy's eyes widen. "fuck."

Steve waits in the plastic chair again. Except this time Dustin is beside him sucking on a piece of candy the doctor had gave him.

"What if its something serious?" Steve asks leaning his head back against the chair biting his lip.

Dustin looks over at his friend before looking back at the medical posters. "I bet its something like you took to many painkillers, or your

body had a bad reaction to them."

Steve wishes it was something simple like that. He didn't want to stay the night in a hospital.

"Well Mr.Harrington, it looks like you have a concussion. with all of your symptoms, it matches. so, where gonna have you stay overnight incase it gets worse, but I'm sure it's just mild, but we can't really tell right now."

"But wouldn't I have known sooner?" Steve questions watching the doctor shake his head.

"Sometimes it doesn't show up right away."

17. Billy Hargrove fucked up.

Summary for the Chapter:

But Steve's car is gone. Still, Billy walks up onto the porch banging the door, glancing through the windows. "Steve! I'm sorry! And I don't normally apologize, but I mean it!"

But there's no answer. Just silence. He pushes the door open and walks inside. Some lamps are still on, painkillers laying ascew on the table. The T.V playing some disney movie. His bedsheets were rumpled. His pillows looked wet. He hoped it was because Steve had showered, and not because he was crying.

He goes back up to the porch, and something catches his eye, Dustin's bicycle was laying in the gravel. It was odd. Like, they just got up and left. It made the situation scarier.

He calls Max. Max always knew where Steve was.

"Oh." Steve whispers. The doctor puts a hand on Steve's shoulder giving it a small squeeze. "Don't worry to much Steve, your concussion is not very severe, well, not the worst it could be anyways- but we still need you to stay overnight. Visiting hours end at 7:00, but its already almost midnight. But I'll let him stay, just this once." His voice is gentle, and he smiles at Steve reassuringly.

The doctor checks his wrist watch, "It's 11:55", so I'm sure if there's anyone you want to visit, they can visit for an hour, I'll have a nurse show you to were you'll be staying." Steve swallows back nervousness. He hated hospitals. He hated the smell, the weird art on the walls, the stiff carpeted hallways, the screaming children, the rattle of pill bottles, all of it. He hates it. He's glad he can have Dustin stay for awhile. Deep down, he wants Billy to visit him. But that's stupid, Billy lied, Billy didn't care about him, Billy was just trying to get into his pants. It was an act. To make Steve think he cares. But

Billy doesn't care. And it hurts. It makes Steve's head ache and his stomach knot up, and not in the good lovesick way. In the "I'm so pathetic for liking him that it hurts so much." way. But Billy was out getting wasted with a bunch of girls hanging off of his lap.

Steve let out a breath of relief when Dustin said that he found some extra clothes in the back of Steve's car, so he wouldn't have to wear that stupid hospital gown.

Dustin piles the clothes in Steve's hand shutting the door to the room that he had to stay overnight in. "Here Mom, Are you feeling okay? Do you need me to get a nurse? Do you want anything from the cafeteria?"

"dustin, I'm fine really, just a little lightheaded."

Dustin squints his eyes at Steve as if he was getting blamed for lying, but doesn't say anything, only sits on the edge of the bed by Steve's legs. "I know your upset. That he didn't come, that he didn't pick me up. I know you liked him." Dustin says looking back at Steve, concerned, and sympathetic. Steve didn't like it.

Steve runs a hand through his hair, looking at his curly haired friend, "It doesn't matter now, it was stupid for thinking he cared, its Billy fucking Hargrove for jesus christ, he beat me up, he's a jerk and sleeps with half of Hawkins." His voice is strained and wobbly, and he holds back tears, because Harrington's don't cry. His mother had established that. His strong, hotheaded mother who was always away, and when she always came home, she locked herself into her office. But none of that mattered now, because Steve lives on his own, without his parents. Steve hates to admit it, but he was just as lonely as before. In a tiny cabin in the woods. All by himself, minus when the group of teenagers come over to cheer him up. Billy Hargrove visiting just doesn't count. He's alone. Steve feels like he had just hit rock bottom. There's a tiny sliver of hope in him. Because now, you can only go up.

Billy Hargrove rushes hurriedly wiping the beer and sweat off of his body stealing a shirt from a random closet, stepping over drunk and passed out people on the floor. He lights a cigarette hoping it would sooth his shaking hands as he gets in the car.

He forgot, He forgot about Steve. He promised Steve that he would come back and see him, and bring the toothless kid aswell. But instead he felt sorry for himself and went and got wasted and drunk. He felt like he did back in October, Angry, and upset, and felt like drinking to get it too go away. He had been learning, getting better. He didn't trip people in the halls. He stuck up for Steve, kissed him, held him, took care of him. He had been turning kind. Like how he was when he was a kid. Like how his mother was. Billy didn't want to be like Neil. He couldn't be like Neil. He refused to be like a monster, how he had been. No, he had to change. Of course he wasn't going to turn into this picture perfect boyfriend, but he sure as hell was going to try. But Billy knew he had to make things right before Steve would ever think about forgiving him. He had to apologize, and explain, and be better. He needed to change, before it was too late.

So backing down the road and driving towards Steve's place under the moonlight was the first step to getting him back. (Because let's face it, Billy know's Steve is probably pretty pissed.)

But Steve's car is gone. Still, Billy walks up onto the porch banging the door, glancing through the windows. "Steve! I'm sorry! And I don't normally apologize, but I mean it!"

But there's no answer. Just silence. He pushes the door open and walks inside. Some lamps are still on, painkillers laying ascew on the table. The T.V playing some disney movie. His bedsheets were rumpled. His pillows looked wet. He hoped it was because Steve had showered, and not because he was crying.

He goes back up to the porch, and something catches his eye, Dustin's bicycle was laying in the gravel. It was odd. Like, they just got up and left. It made the situation scarier.

He calls Max. Max always knew where Steve was.

It takes four calls before Max picks up. "What the fuck do you need."

Max says annoyed, and there's a few other voices in the background. Steve's other friends.

Billy scoffs, and wants to tell her to watch her attitude, but he needs her help. "Save it Shitbird, I need to know where Steve is. I'm sure one of your nerdy friends he looks after knows."

Billy can hear faint whispering in the background, and heard something about a hospital. His stomach sinks. Hospital? Was Steve okay? Was it his fault? Did he hurt himself? The questions he had came up with in his mind stopped when Max picked the phone back up.

"he's in the Hospital. Something happened. But you aren't welcome here. Lucas was talking to Dustin and I got informed all about your sick twisted game you involving Steve in. You don't like him, you just some asshole he needs somebody to fuck, stay away from Steve." She threatens, and she sounds genuinely upset.

"Max-"

Max has already hung up. Billy didn't care. He was already driving to the hospital.

18. Chapter 18

Summary for the Chapter:

'You liar! You liar! You dick! What is wrong with you, now Steve's hurt and-and ! He cries out but the yelling quits and Billy's eyes widen once he realizes that the kid is crying, weakly pushing at his chest.

"Steve Harrington, I'm here to visit him." Billy says snappily, impatiently tapping the counter with his index and pointer finger, at the nurse that was sipping her coffee talking to some other chic named Sally. Fuck Sally.

They didn't stop their chit chatting. Billy rolls his eyes, fine, he would fine Steve's room on his own. His nerves skyrocketed as he takes the elevator to where the overnight staying rooms where. Steve was probably pissed, and Billy knew he was the cause of it. Steve was probably dissapointing, but the worst part is something is wrong with Steve, bad enough for him to be in the hospital. Billy knew it probably had to do with the beating he took a few days ago from Tommy and the whole basketball team, minus him and a few other kids who were kind enough not to join in.

Then he hears that little curly headed practically toothless boy talking, the one he was supposed to take to see Steve, Steve's favorite kid. Wow great, now he had to deal with both of them. Billy peers in through the door window, Steve's laying on his side, eye's closed, but he's not sleeping, Billy can tell because he nods his head or gives a little hum of agreement every few minutes as Dustin rambles about something, but then Steve falls asleep, his brown hair falling onto the pillow and some framing his face. Billy raises hand to turn the door knob, but decides to wait until the little toothless kid leaves. He wanted to speak with Steve privately, but his plans are ruined when Dustin turns around and spots Billy by the door. Oh shit.

"You!" Dustin scowls whipping his body fully around, and then he starts angrily marching over to Billy, dragging him out into the hallway, leaving a sleeping Steve still in the room.

'You liar! You liar! You dick! What is wrong with you, now Steve's hurt and-and ! He cries out but the yelling quits and Billy's eyes widen once he realizes that the kid is crying, weakly pushing at his chest.

Billy doesn't know what to do, the kids little pushes and hits don't hurt, his lean frame and muscles barely feeling the little taps. But eventually it stops and he looks up at Billy, "He's hurt- and-and you left him and now he's not doing okay, and Steve is mom, he's like my mom, and I don't want him hurt, and he likes you and you lied and broke your promises." Dustin says shakily glaring at him tearily.

Danny, or Donny, *wait, It's Dustin*, Billy remembers and bites on the inside of his cheek, guilt curling in his gut, and he slowly wraps his arms around the boy who was now full on sobbing onto his shirt about how he needed Steve to be okay. "Steve will be okay, he will be kid. He's strong." Billy says quietly, but he's not sure if it's true or not, he hopes it is.

It takes a few minutes for Dustin to realize he's sobbing into this asshole's chest before he pulls away his eyes red and sore, snot being wiped away with his sweatshirt sleeve. "He's sleeping, I don't think he would want to see you, but you can wait in there, but you better fucking apologize or I'll have Max actually hit you with the nail bat." Dustin threatens, his eyes hard and serious, his tone still a bit screetchy and high-pitched, but Billy knew he was not kidding.

"Okay kid, who's your ride home."

Dustin wipes his nose again, "My cousin."

Billy nods awkwardly, "I'm sorry."

But Dustin just shakes his head and walks out the doors to the parking lot.

Billy sinks down into the plastic seat staring at a sleeping Steve.

Steve was tangled under the blanket, soft snores coming from him as his chest falls up and down slowly. He was the prettiest thing Billy

had ever seen. Prettier than any Hawkins Whore who he'd sleep with occasionally. Steve was special, something different, Steve was fiery and held fire and was a bit of a brat sometimes. But he could fluster and shy just at Billy's words at any given time. Billy thought it was adorable. His thoughts were shaken away by Steve sitting up clutching onto the pillow, eyes wide and frightened.

Billy stands up so he wasn't just a shadow sitting in the corner of the room. "Its just me." Billy says standing at the end of the bed, his hands tucking into his pockets.

Steve scoffs laying back onto his side, "Go away."

Billy shakes his head, "Can't Steve, I have to apologize." He murmurs looking at Steve who was mumbling to himself.

Steve doesn't answer Billy and stares at the wall before sighing, "Well go on then."

Billy's lips tug up into a tiny smile, "Look, I'm really sorry, genuinly, I promised you I would come back after school and I didn't. My old man found my stash of weed was pissed and was angry at me, I got angry too, I was frustrated, upset, I forget about you in the moment of heat and I went to a party to get shitfaced drunk so I could forget about my problems. Its stupid I know, and I apologize, and I tried apologizing to Dustin too. I was in a bad headspace, I wasn't thinking right, and that isn't an excuse, I just wanted to let you know what really happened Steve." He says twisting the rings on his hand before looking over at Steve who was sitting with his chin resting on his knees listening to him.

Steve pulls his bottom lip between his teeth staring at the bedsheets, "So you didn't just leave to make fun of me, or-or just move on with some random girls?" He questions glancing over at Billy, eye's brown and focused on him. Billy feels vulnerable. That must be how Steve always feels.

"No, I didn't hook up with them I swear, I just like them cling onto me, I didn't even kiss any of them." Billy explains putting his hands

up in defense.

Steve nods a bit. "Im still pissed at you."

Billy bites his lip nodding, "I deserve that." He mutters sitting on the bed with Steve.

Steve leans away from him at first, cautiously before moving back towards Billy. "Your kinda mean." Steve whispers laying his head in Billy's lap glaring up at him.

Billy smiles a bit, "Sorry Sweetheart, I'm working on it. I promise I'll never ever dissappoint you again, or that kid of yours, forgive me, please."

"Okay I forgive you, but I'm not just gonna push all of this aside, I'm still gonna remember it." Steve points out.

"I can work with that. Can you tell me please what the hell happened though and why your here at the hospital and not in your house."

Steve closes his eyes and Billy pets Steve's hair waiting for him to talk, watching Steve's cheeks turn a pink color at the small gesture of affection.

"Well after you didn't show I wasn't feeling good, like at the point I was about to pass out. So I layed down on the couch and when I woke up Dustin was there and was saying that I looked really bad and that I needed to go to the hospital. And at that point I was doing worse and my vision was blurry and I felt like shit so I drove Dustin to the hospital which probably wasn't a good idea with my eyesight but oh-well, and then we arrived and they did some tests and I like threw up alot, and it turns out I have a concussion." Steve murmurs, his eyes blinking back up at Billy.

"Jesus Christ Bambi, I'm going to kill Tommy, I should've done it when I got the chance, I swear to god I'll-" Billy growls out, but Steve puts his hand on the back of Billy's neck pulling him down closer.

"No, no fighting." He mutters pressing his face into Billy's neck, making Billy look down at Steve sighing, "Is no fighting what it will take for you to competely forgive me?" He asks running his fingers

through the fluffy brown hair.

"Yes."

Notes for the Chapter:

Only a few more chapters left to go!

19. Chapter 19

Summary for the Chapter:

Mike and Will pull Dustin away from Steve to start their campaign leaving Steve alone in the kitchen to stare out the window. The silence is interrupted by Max setting her glass cup down forcefully clearing her throat, making Steve jump a bit, "What is going on between you and my brother." She says crossing her arms, staring right into Steve like she already knows.

Steve freezes, opening his mouth and closes it before finally speaking, "I don't know what your talking about Max'

Max rolls her eyes, "i'm not an idiot, Dustin told me everything, are you guys like together?" She asks raising one of her eyebrows and Steve blushes, "Well no not officially."

Max groans, "Oh my god he's such an idiot, seriously? You aren't boyfriends yet?"

When Billy wakes up, he's on the hospital bed with Steve craddled in his arms, sleeping. They must've fell asleep last night, Steve had forgiven him, which was some unreal thing, but Steve still seemed upset. Very upset, and he said he wouldn't allow Billy to fight Tommy. What Steve didn't know couldn't hurt right? That fucking asshole deserves to have his ass beat. Besides, Tommy's always getting into trouble and fights, so if Steve showed up to school seing Tommy with his face all fucked up it wouldn't be suspicious, totally... but he wouldn't leave Steve by himself, he was going to get him something to eat, check him out and take him home, and then he would invite all of Steve's friends, his "kids" and get them to keep him company. He would make an excuse saying his dad needed him for a task. He'd beat Tommy's ass, and then come back home to his Stevie, a very smart plan, and Steve would only be without him for an hour or so.

Billy wriggles out from Steve carefully and walks down to the cafeteria getting Steve some yogurt and a muffin along with orange juice. He places it all on the tray, and walks back down the hallway. When he gets back Steve is already awake playing with the threading on the blanket, he looks a bit disappointed, his lips pursed, body hunched over. He looks up at Billy who walks into the room, eyes a bit wide, "I thought you left."

Billy frowns and sets the tray in front of Steve, "No, I went to get you some breakfast. Sorry it's not much."

Steve scoots a bit closer to Billy, "Oh okay, no it's fine, not hungry much anyways." He says staring at the food and Billy's lips quirk down, "Eat Steve, you probably haven't been eating much, right?"

"I'm trying to stay in shape." He says poking at the yogurt with his spoon making a face.

"You are in shape, don't be silly." Billy quips taking the spoon from Steve's hand, dipping it in the yogurt and holding it out, "Open."

Steve keeps his lips in a firm line not opening his mouth, crossing his arms. "no."

Billy rolls his eyes, "Don't be a brat. Open."

Steve doesn't budge and Billy reaches over gripping Steve's jaw till it opens, feeding him the yogurt.

Steve whines swallowing it, "rude."

Billy kisses the tip of Steve's nose, "Now, was that so hard?"

"Yes." Steve grumbles.

Billy smirks pulling Steve closer kissing him.

As soon as Steve gets checked out of the hospital, Billy opens Steve's door letting him get in the car before shutting it.

'So how about you have those friends of yours over? Dustin and them' Billy says driving down the road, turning his rock music down and Steve's eyes light up.

"Really?" He says looking over at Billy grinning happily.

Billy nods, "Sure Baby, You need the distraction."

Steve leans over from his seat looking up at Billy. "You could be my distraction."

Billy smirks and kisses Steve's forehead. "As much as I'd love that, I have to go to chores back at my house, or my old man will freak." Steve whines nuzzling his face in Billy's chest.

Billy pats Steve's head, "If you be a good boy and stop whining after your done hanging out with the brats maybe I'll give you one hell of a night." He says smirking watching Steve's face flush red.

"O-okay." He stumbles out leaning back in his seat, taking out his phone to call the party.

About thirty minutes later, a gaggle of kids flood into Steve's home, noisy and setting up their gaming consoles.

Dustin hugs Steve tightly, "I can't believe you forgave that asshole." He mumbles into Steve's chest glancing over at Billy who was leaving.

Steve smiles a bit ruffling Dustin's hair affectionally, "I can't believe it either." He admits with a small sigh.

Mike and Will pull Dustin away from Steve to start their campaign leaving Steve alone in the kitchen to stare out the window. The silence is interrupted by Max setting her glass cup down forcefully clearing her throat, making Steve jump a bit, "What is going on

between you and my brother." She says crossing her arms, staring right into Steve like she already knows.

Steve freezes, opening his mouth and closes it before finally speaking, "I don't know what your talking about Max'

Max rolls her eyes, "i'm not an idiot, Dustin told me everything, are you guys like together?" She asks raising one of her eyebrows and Steve blushes,

"Well no not officially."

Max groans, "Oh my god he's such an idiot, seriously? You aren't boyfriends yet?"

20. Chapter 20

Notes for the Chapter:

This was originally going to be a much longer chapter, but I decided that next chapter would be the last chapter so stayed tuned!

Steve bites his lip, "No, were not boyfriends, not yet anyways, I don't know if he wants that." Steve says quietly and Max sighs softly wrapping her arms around him.

"He's scared." She says softly into Steve's chest and Steve looks down at her. "What is he scared of?"

Max looks up at him, "Of hurting you, you know about his dad, and what happened with his mom, he's scared of hurting you, He's scared you'll leave. Your one of the good things in his life and he needs you. You guys are so good together Steve, I know you like him just as much as he likes you. You gotta reassure him your staying, and that he isn't gonna hurt you, he's like a big tough person on the outside but on the inside he's like a fragile puppy who needs reassured."

Steve hugs Max close, "Okay Max, I'll reassure him." He whispers.

Billy slams his fist into Tommy's face again, pinning him against the side of a car, "You piece of shit! You hurt MY Steve!" Billy yells watching blood splatter onto the window as Tommy groans muttering something incoherent. "Say your sorry! Say your pathetic and that your just a homophobic piece of shit!" Billy yells angrily, breathing heavily, punching him again, his knuckles bruised and bloodied, but he doesn't care because Tommy looks way worse.

Tommy coughs blood, sliding back down against the car. "I'm sorry." He says weakly gasping for air and Billy glares down at him. "And?"

"I'm, a, a homophobic piece of shit." He coughs out groaning in pain, curling in on himself on the gravel parking lot.

Billy smirks in satisfaction kicking his side one last time before tossing his blood covered shirt in the trashcan getting into his camaro, revving the engine, leaving the abandoned parking lot. He taps his fingers against the steering wheel, humming along to the loud rock song blasting through the radio. Damn he felt good. He felt alive. Now all he had to do was make his way back to Steve. He gets back just in time to see the pack of kids leaving, Max lingering last, getting onto a bicycle with El, following the rest of the boys. Billy parks his car and looks in his rear view mirror to make sure that no blood was evident, before getting out and walking inside. He spots Steve on the couch watching a movie. Billy smiles hanging up his jacket kicking off his boots and leans over the couch edge hovering over Steve.

"Hey Sweetheart." Billy's heart warms when he watches Steve's cheeks redden, even after all of this time.

Steve reaches up pulling Billy down closer kissing him. "Hey." He says against Billy's lips.

Billy grins and kisses Steve softly again, before pulling away staring down at him, and Steve reaches up cupping Billy's face, "I think-"

Billy freezes, what was Steve going to say? was he going to say he didn't actually like him? Or that they couldn't keep doing this? Was he still mad? Did he figure out that he kicked Tommy's ass?

"I think I want you to be my boyfriend." Steve breathes out leaning his forehead against Billy's.

21. The End

Summary for the Chapter:

"I know I love you Billy Hargrove."

Billy grins, and they kissed once more like the world was ending.

Final Chapter! Smut included!

Notes for the Chapter:

This chapter does contain smut, well most of this chapter contains smut! This is the last chapter and I had such a good time writing this and I would like to say thankyou to all of my fans and supporters who helped encourage me to keep this lovely little story going! I love you all!

Billy's eyes widen and his face flushes red before a grin breaks out on his face, "God yes, I'll be your boyfriend." He says and kisses Steve again, happiness surging through him, it felt like he was on fire, and he loved it. He tangles his hands in Steve's hair and can feel Steve smiling happily against his lips. "I think we should celebrate." Steve whispers against Billy's lips, his hands running along Billy's chest, Billy smirks and brushes his lips against Steve's neck.

"Mm Good Idea Baby, Let's celebrate." He says nipping at Steve's neck, the skin soft and bruising between his teeth. He picks Steve up and carries him in the bedroom and lays him down on the bed hovering over him, "Fuck I have the prettiest boy in the world as my boyfriend, god damn." Billy breathes out in awe, his eyes darkening with lust at the boy below him. He smirks as he see's Steve's skin flush a red color and he kisses him again before the kisses trail down his jaw licking and sucking, taking in every small noise Steve made, his jeans tightening. God damn, Steve tasted sweet and fresh, like the rain and vanilla, fresh picked flowers and clean cotton sheets, Billy loved it. He grabs the hem of Steve's shirt pulling it off of him dropping it beside the bed.

He looks down at Steve who's hands were tangled in the back of his hair, his face flushed and hickies trailing down his neck, his neck shiny and spit covered. He looked glowing, Billy could eat him up.

Steve's hands fall down to his chest swiftly unbuttoning Billy's shirt running his hand over Billy's abs, as Billy ducks back down kissing Steve their lips moving in sync, and Billy lets out a soft groan as Steve starts grinding against Billy, his hips rutting against Billy, and fuck Steve's hard too. Billy smirks tugging down on Steve's bottom lip earning a small whimper out of Steve and sh-ii-t that was hot. His hand dips down pulling Steve's shorts off to reveal Steve's hard on pressing against Steve's baby blue briefs. Billy kisses down Steve's chest palming at his dick as Steve moans his hand gripping back at Billy's hair, "Mm Fuck Billy." He breathes out his hips rutting back up again his face flushed as he grinds against Billy needily and Billy smirks looking up at Steve, eyes dark and wild.

"Shit Sweetheart keep sayin my name' Billy praises and pulls at the waistband watching Steve squirm in anticipation, Billy presses a kiss to Steve's hip, "Got lube?" He asks against Steve's skin that was flushed and warm.

"Bedside table." Steve Murmurs and Billy reaches over to the table while pressing his lips against Steve's again, he feels around until he feels a bottle and he grabs it, "Have you done anything like this?" Billy asks against Steve's lips softly, looking back at Steve for affirmation that this was still okay.

Steve blushes again at the thought, "Only by myself, I've never had uh anything like that with another guy." He whispers embarrassed, and Billy tilts Steve's jaw up kissing him softly and slowly, "Its okay, we can take our time, I wanna make you feel real good Stevie, you want that too?" He asks brushing his thumb over Steve's swollen bottom lip.

"Yes." Steve says with a excited smile, eye's wide and taking everything in. Billy could've melted at the sight.

Pulling the briefs down, Billy takes it all in, Steve's brown hair

trailing down his v-line, moles disappearing between his thighs, skin soft and pretty, his dick hard and red, of course Billy had seen glimpses of it in the school showers, but this was so much better. He takes his own jeans off tossing them onto the floor and kisses down Steve's thighs, sucking gently as Steve lets out a soft moan his dick twitching.

Billy moves back up and leans close to Steve, he can taste Steve's chapstick that Billy had gotten so used to as he kisses Steve hot and fast, his hand reaching for the bottle of lube, flicking open the cap. He pours it onto his fingers, starting off with two, "Ready Baby?" Billy asks against Steve's lips and Steve holds onto the back of Billy's hair,

"M'ready Billy."

Billy smiles and gives him a quick kiss before he nuzzles along Steve's neck peppering kisses along his skin, he brushes his thumb along the rim of Steve's hole as Steve's breath hitches and Billy presses the first finger in as Steve grips onto Billy's hair a bit tighter, and Billy curls it slowly as Steve adjusts to the feeling, letting out noises between biting down on his lip. "Want another?" Billy murmurs and Steve nods eagerly, ready for more.

Billy presses another finger in, pumping them in and out as Steve closes his eyes his head laying back, "B-Billy fuck." He moans out as Billy presses deeper and curls them again, his hips bucking up, Billy grins, bingo. "Found it." He says proudly repeatedly hitting the spot before adding another finger, stretching him out as Steve presses his face into Billy's shoulder, his moans muffling, but Billy can still make out things like, "Fuck fuck, right there," or, "Jesus Billy, feel so fucking good" It made his smirk grow wider, his heart swelling. He loved making his boy feel good.

After some good time, Steve tugs on one of Billy's curls, "I'm ready." He breathes out, and Billy looks up at him, Steve looked so beautiful. Skin red and flushed, hair messy and wild just how he liked it, a bead of sweat dripping down his forehead. A beautiful mess, Billy was proud, because he made that mess thank you very much.

"Are you sure Steve?" He asked softly pressing a kiss to his thighs, Billy loved Steve's thighs, they were soft and pale, little moles dotted all over.

Steve nods eagerly, he was so ready, he had wanted Billy for weeks, his own cock was throbbing, red and leaking and Billy's looked similar. "I'm ready."

Billy smiles kissing him before stripping out of his boxers, he grins when he watches Steve's mouth open slightly, as he looks up from Billy's dick to his face. "T-they weren't kidding when they said you had a big dick." He says in awe, a grin tugging at his lips and Billy smirks, "Nope." He grips Steve's hips and lines up with him pressing his tip against Steve's hole that was slick and had lube dripping out of it. "Tell me if it hurts okay? We'll go slow until you're ready to go faster." He reassures and grips onto Steve's hips giving them a squeeze before slowly sliding into Steve, but not all the way. Steve's breath hitches in a gasp and he pulls on Billy's hair, "Fuckk." Steve breathes out and Billy kisses his forehead and starts a small slow pace with just that, sliding in inch by inch every few times as Steve starts to relax and not tense up.

"You can move more' Steve says between breathy moans, and Billy doesn't hesitate pulling out and thrusting back into Steve, his cock deep inside, pumping in and out as Steve's thighs quiver .

"OH-fuck-oh my god." Steve moans out squeezing his eyes shut, his hands sliding down Billy's back, closing his eyes as Billy pounds into him. He felt so full, so good, Steve wished they had done this sooner.

Billy thrusts into Steve at a steady past, one of his hands reaching up to grip the headboard as he lets a soft groan fall past his lips, closing his eyes, "Fuck Stevie, so tight, feel so good, your doing so good sweetheart." He praises in between pants, a few beads of sweat dripping down his face. This would be Billy's new favorite workout.

Steve's face flushes at the praise, he loved it. He brushes his hair out of his face and pulls Billy down into a kiss as Billy thrusts faster, their hips moving against each other, both hot and flushed, as Steve grips onto his bedsheets giving Billy's hair a break.

Billy presses his tongue into Steve's mouth, as Steve moans in response, grip on the silk sheets tightening. Steve didn't know how much longer he could last, he knew he was close, the feeling was knotting deep in his stomach. He wanted Billy to finish first though, wanted him to cum inside him until it dripped down his thighs, fuck that was dirty and Steve let out another ragged noise at the thought.

Billy grips Steve's hips tighter his eyes squeezing shut, "Fuckk." He wasn't going to last, he was so close, it was right there, his hips jerk and he thrusts into Steve finishing, throwing his head back as he groans, "Jesus Christ Stevie." He murmurs in awe, and kisses him fast, wrapping his hand around Steve's dick, stroking him off as Steve's tongue runs along his bottom lip, and soon enough Steve is cumming too, one last, "Billy!" slipping past his lips as he pants out of breath, both of them inhaling sharply.

Billy doesn't pull out yet, just lays down on Steve's chest, both of them are covered in sweat and cum and they're still catching their breath, but Billy feels more alive then ever, and he doesn't wanna let Steve go, he thinks he never will.

Steve looks up at Billy, "That was the best thing in my entire life goddamn." He says with a giggle, kissing his lover and Billy melts into it, "Your the best thing in my entire life Steve, I swear on it." He murmurs against Steve's lips. It was true. Steve Harrington was the one, he could stay like this forever, wrapped up in the bedsheets with the future love of his life. He was happy now, he had Steve. He had his fairy tale ending, he intended to keep it that way. He smiles to himself and kisses Steve's forehead, "I think I love you Steve Harrington."

"I know I love you Billy Hargrove."

Billy grins, *and they kissed once more like the world was ending.*

Notes for the Chapter:

OH my god guys I'm crying. I can't believe I'm finally finished with this fanfic. I hope that this chapter was a good enough ending, I loved writing this, and all of the support I have been getting just warms my heart! So thankyou to everyone. Thankfully, I have many more Harringrove fanfics I'm working on, so if you would like to see more of my work go check it out!

Comment what you thought :)

Just one big giant thankyou to everyone once more, this has been such a good time for me and I hope you enjoyed reading this even though I was improving my shitty writing each chapter! Love you all!